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PICKWICK ABROAD;

OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE:

A SERIES OF PAPERS COMPILED FROM THE PRIVATE NOTES AND
MEMORANDA OF SAMUEL PICKWICK, ESQ.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. PICKWICK FORMS THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A POET.—THE CHORUS
OF THE FOUR WINDS.—MR. BOOZIE.—A VISIT TO A CELEBRATED
FRENCHMAN, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

MR. PICKWICK slept long and placidly; and those airy nothings which filled his extensive imagination during the night, were of a most felicitous and exhilarating character. To descend to vulgar parlance, he had dreamt of the renown he had already acquired, and of the future fame that would attend his memory. His countenance was therefore a map of smiles when he walked into the breakfast-parlour with all the consciousness of greatness and importance; but, to his surprise and momentary annoyance—seeing that the frosty air of the morning had sharpened his appetite—his friends had not yet emerged from their dormitories. The room was not, however, untenanted when Mr. Pickwick entered it; for, in a large easy chair near the cheerful wood-fire, sate an individual, who rose upon his two legs the moment his vision was magnetically attracted by the appearance of him who could be no other than Samuel Pickwick, Esq., himself.

The stranger was a tall, thin, sallow-faced individual, with light-red hair and a very pointed nose. We do not say that his features were not commanding; but many fastidious people entertain a strong antipathy to a countenance deeply indented by the ravages of the small-pox; while others have violent predilections against bad teeth. There is, moreover, a prejudice (it cannot be denied) against a cock-eye, inasmuch as the possession of two straight optics has generally been deemed necessary to the distinctness of one glance. Setting aside these small defects, no more serious charge can justly be brought against the beauty of the stranger, who, clad in deep black, and with

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a large roll of papers under his arm, started into life from the easy chair, as aforesaid.

"I beg you a thousand pardons, Mr. Pickwick," said the stranger, in a solemn tone of voice, and with a low bow; "but the fame of your philanthropy and literary acquirements has reached me in my humble retreat—*pauper domus*—you see, and—"

"Pray sit down, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, somewhat flattered by the stranger's discourse. "And now, may I ask with whom I have the pleasure of conversing?"

"My name, Mr. Pickwick," returned the stranger, relapsing into the easy chair, and untying the string that circumvented his papers, "is also well known to fame. You have doubtless heard of Septimus Chitty, the poet?"

The stranger suffered a cunning smile to curl his lip, while Pickwick cleared his throat with a "Hem!" and smiled also.

"Ah!" pursued Mr. Chitty, "I see I am *now* no stranger to you, Mr. Pickwick. But—*nunquam animus id*—never mind that: let me briefly state the object of my visit."

Mr. Chitty paused to gather breath, bestowed another smile upon Mr. Pickwick, and continued as follows.

"You are doubtless acquainted with the numerous poems I have from time to time been publishing in the *Tintinnabuli Vita*, 'Bell's Life'—the *Johannes Taurus*, 'John Bull'—*Tempora*, or 'Times'—the *Terra*, 'Globe'—the *Nuncius*, 'Courier'—and a variety of other English Journals. I was also poet-laureate to a *liber et facilis*—or free-and-easy club—during my residence in London: so you perceive, Mr. Pickwick, that I *am* some-body after all."

The gentleman thus appealed to, nodded a bland assent, wondering at the same time to what point his companion was about to direct his attention.

"I was, however, obliged to leave my ungrateful country," continued Mr. Septimus Chitty, with a sigh from his poetic bosom, "on account of events over which I had no controul."

"Political turmoils, I suppose?" suggested Mr. Pickwick, willing to relieve a fellow-creature from the pain of a disagreeable explanation.

"No, Sir—debts," added Mr. Chitty, wiping a tear from his eye with the sleeve of his Parnassian garment.

"Ah!—I see," said Mr. Pickwick, drily.

"And my unfeeling creditors," elucidated the injured man, naturally overcome by a deep sense of his wrongs, "compelled me to exile myself from that land which will one day be as proud of a Chitty as it now is of a Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick again acknowledged the compliment by a low bow; and whether his heart were softened by the narrative of his companion's sufferings, or his pride flattered by that gentleman's discourse, is uncertain; but his countenance was again wreathed in smiles of philanthropy, and Mr. Chitty was thus encouraged to proceed.

"To make a long story short," said the poet, unfolding his papers, "I am reduced to the necessity of procuring my livelihood—*suore frontis*—by the sweat of my brow; or in other words, by the exercise of those talents which God has endowed me with. Here, Sir, is one of the most charming and erudite productions—a Drama, Sir—what was ever offered to the inspection of man."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pickwick, in great delight.

"Yes, my dear Sir," pursued Mr. Chitty. "But, would you believe it? I sent this glorious composition to the manager of a principal theatre in London—and, with shame be it spoken! it was no go—*nullus eo!*"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"It is a fact, my dear Sir—*factum est*," asseverated the exiled poet. "But in order to induce you to grant the request I shall presently put to your generosity, I must intrude a little upon your time, and solicit your attention to the two or three first pages of my Drama."

"With great pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick. "But, here are my friends—and we have not yet breakfasted. Perhaps you will join us?"

Mr. Chitty respectfully declined the invitation, and generously offered to read the first act of the Drama while Mr. Pickwick and his friends discussed their morning's repast. This proposition was cheerfully agreed to; and an introduction having been effected between the poet and Messieurs Tupman, Winkle, and Boozie, the suggested arrangement was immediately put into effect, the four inmates of the hotel seating themselves at the breakfast-table, and Mr. Chitty preparing himself to read the commencement of the most glorious Drama ever yet submitted to the inspection and opinion of individuals so capable of judging of its merits as the aforesaid audience. It was, indeed, a beautiful sight—Mr. Pickwick engaged in the devastation of eggs and muffins, an example that was imitated by his friends to the very life—and the poet, his "eye" (for the other was frequently invisible) "in a fine frenzy rolling," ensconced in the easy chair with the mystic papers in his hands!

When the audience was all attention, Mr. Chitty opened the first leaf of his book, and began as follows:—

"THE CREATION,

A DRAMA."

He then turned over another leaf, and read the title-page:—

"THE CREATION,

A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS,

BY SEPTIMUS CHITTY, ESQ.,

Author of divers Poems, Professor of Latin, &c."

The Poet took breath once more, turned over another leaf, and continued in the ensuing manner:—

"THE CREATION.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Four Winds.

Chaos.

*The Spirits of the Earth,
the Air, Fire, and Water.*

Man and Woman."

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This page being thus disposed of, the next was immediately resorted to, and the author burst at once *in medias res* :—

“THE CREATION,

ACT I.

SCENE, INFINITE SPACE.”

“Eh!” said Mr. Pickwick, dubiously. “Where did you say the scene was laid, Sir?”

“In infinite space, to be sure,” answered Mr. Chitty. “Capital idea, isn’t it? Such a scene for stage effect!”

“So I should think,” observed Mr. Pickwick, considerably enlightened: “but pray proceed.”

“I will,” responded Mr. Chitty; “*et nullus error*—and no mistake.—But where was I? Oh!—

SCENE, INFINITE SPACE.

Enter the Four Winds.

CHORUS OF WINDS.

FIRST WIND.—Birr—r—r—r—r—r—r.

SECOND WIND.—Siss—s—s—s—s—s—s.

THIRD WIND.—Whi—ou—u—u—u—u—u.

FOURTH WIND.—Puff—f—f—f—f—f—f.”

And thus did the erudite Mr. Septimus Chitty set himself to work to imitate the four winds. Human nature was not proof against this display of his vocal powers: Mr. Pickwick, with the prudence which invariably characterized all his actions, crammed an entire muffin into his mouth to suppress the rising laughter; but Messieurs Boozie, Tupman, and Winkle—whose imaginations, lacking the fertility which marked that of their great leader, did not suggest any immediate means of restraining the hilarity of their risible muscles—gave vent to a long, loud, and simultaneous shout of laughter, which might have been heard, and very probably was, in the street below. The book fell from the hands of the discomfited poet, just at the interesting moment when he was about to introduce his favourite character, “Chaos,” upon the scene; and his countenance became livid with anger.

“If you mean to insult me, gentlemen,” at length exclaimed the irate Mr. Septimus Chitty, “tell me so, and I’ll hasten to cut my stick—*scindere baculum*—before I become absolutely intrusive;”—and the poet drew himself up with the conscious innocence of a highly injured man.

“My dear Sir,” began Mr. Pickwick, “pray compose yourself. I am sure that neither myself nor friends intended to offer the slightest insult.”

Mr. Chitty was actually choking with indignation.

“Heavens! take care,” exclaimed Mr. Tupman, afraid of the consequences of his almost irrepressible mirth. “Do compose yourself, as my friend Pickwick said—and try a little drop of wine or brandy-and-water.”

"Brandy and water!" shouted the still angry Mr. Septimus Chitty, somewhat softening, however, at Mr. Tupman's courteous offer.

The waiter was accordingly summoned, and the necessary order immediately given.

"Hot or cold, Sir?" enquired the domestic.

"'Hot with,' *callidum cum*—or 'cold without,' *frigidum sine*," said Mr. Chitty, deliberately, as he mused over the waiter's demand: "why—if I must decide—hot, *with* sugar, then;"—and the poet at length deigned to smile, as he picked up his manuscripts.

"Your Drama is exceedingly interesting, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, by way of soothing the unfortunate Mr. Chitty's grief, while that gentleman himself imbibed, with evident relish, a reeking glass of the *callidum cum*.

"I flatter myself that it would make a good acting play, Mr. Pickwick," observed Mr. Chitty, very gravely: "but on another occasion I shall have the pleasure of reading a little more to you. Joking apart, however, what do you really think of the opening scene?"

"Very fine," returned Mr. Pickwick. "But I fancy you have written some other poems, have you not, Sir?"

"Bless you!" exclaimed Mr. Septimus Chitty; "why—I have had as much as three pounds seventeen and sixpence at a time from Warren—and very frequently, two sovereigns from Rowland."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick, quite delighted.

"Oh! yes," persisted Mr. Chitty. "Have you never heard my truly original song, explanatory of the origin of hair-trunks?"

Mr. Pickwick did not for one moment suffer himself to be influenced by any sentiment of vain glory or conceit: he therefore, with unexampled candour and frankness, confessed his ignorance of the ode in question, and, to demonstrate his sincerity, requested Mr. Chitty to repeat it. The poet nodded an assent, and recited, with befitting solemnity and grandeur of emphasis, the following remarkable lines.

THE ORIGIN OF HAIR-TRUNKS.

In a carpenter's work-shop a box of deal wood
For many long years had in idleness stood:—
Neglected and dusty, the old piece of lumber
Seem'd destin'd for naught save the shelves to encumber.

But fortunes may vary. A servant one day
Call'd in at the shop, a few shillings to pay,
And thoughtlessly placed near the box on the shelf
A bottle of oil he had bought for himself.

A couple of urchins, on mischief intent,
To that very same spot in their gambollings went;
And, breaking the bottle, they sprinkled the oil
On a box that they fancied no frolic could spoil.

Next morning—Oh! strange—on the shelf, what was there?
A beautiful trunk cover'd over with hair!—
Its duty, indeed, the Macassar had done,
Produced by the genius of Rowland and Son.

"You don't mean to say that that's true, do you?" enquired Mr.

Winkle, when Mr. Chitty had thus brought his composition to a conclusion.

"As true as you are sitting there, Sir," responded the poet, in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt—the former to think that so very natural an incident should be for a moment questioned; and the latter on account of Mr. Winkle's ignorance. The matter was set at rest by Mr. Boozie, who declared that he was well acquainted with the carpenter himself; and as he forgot—for the first time in his life—to contradict his assertion five minutes after he had given utterance to it, no doubt remained as to the truth of the tale. Mr. Chitty therefore rose considerably in the esteem of the sagacious travellers whom he thus gratuitously entertained.

"I think," said Mr. Pickwick, after a pause, "that you had some request to make to me, concerning the Drama of which you just now favoured us with a portion?"

"I shall leave that for another time, my dear Sir," answered Mr. Chitty, rising and preparing to take leave. "All I had to say, was relative to the editing of the work; but—for the present—since the *chorus* strikes your fancy—we will postpone any conversation on that head. Gentlemen—*bonus dies*—good day!"—and having repeated these words three or four times, Mr. Septimus Chitty, finding that he had nothing more to do with Mr. Pickwick's business, went about his own.

Mr. Septimus Chitty had scarcely left the room five minutes, when his visit was succeeded by that of the Gendarme, who was dressed in plain clothes for the momentous occasion he had in view. We need scarcely say that the excellent-hearted Frenchman was received with fitting cordiality by Mr. Pickwick and his friends, or that the utmost alacrity in preparing for departure was demonstrated by those gentlemen so soon as M. Dumont had specifically stated his hopes of recovering a portion of Mr. Tupman's property. Mr. Boozie, however, declined accompanying the party, as he intended to return to Calais by the mail that evening, and had a few calls to make, besides some commissions to execute, which would entirely engross the remainder of the morning. He therefore took leave of his friends, in case he should not see them again previous to his departure (for the *malle-poste* left the post-office at six o'clock precisely), and actually shed tears when he grasped the hand of the principal actor on the stage of our present memoirs. Even Mr. Weller was sensibly affected by the meditated departure of a worthy though eccentric man; but his feelings were speedily and materially relieved by the contiguity of the two five-franc pieces which Mr. Boozie slipped into his hand. A hackney-coach was immediately summoned, and Mr. Pickwick, followed by the Gendarme, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle, crept into the vehicle, while Mr. Weller contrived to carry himself to the seat next to the driver on the box. The Gendarme then gave the coachman a certain address, and the *fiacre* moved away from the gate of the hotel as speedily as one lame horse, and another that shyed every time it passed a vehicle, could make it.

After a short ride of about half-an-hour, the coach stopped at a large gate-way, and the Gendarme desired his companions to follow him. Mr. Weller, who thought he might as well be a spectator of

what was going on, brought up the rear; and in due order was the procession ushered, at one and the same time, into the office, and the presence of the celebrated Vidocq himself.

The ex-galley-slave and ex-president of the Board of Public Safety rose, as his visitors entered the room, and received them with that cordiality and politeness which so eminently characterize the manners of the French, from the paladin in his splendid hotel in the Faubourg Saint Germain, to the humble peasant in the vales of Savoy. A brief conversation then ensued in their native language, between the Gendarme and Vidocq, which having been disposed of, the latter addressed himself to Mr. Tupman in tolerable English, and interrogated that gentleman as follows.

"What value, Sir, do you set on the watch of which you were plundered?"

"It was a present from my friend Pickwick," responded Mr. Tupman in a melancholy tone of voice, "and cost him, I believe, fifty guineas. He gave it to me in return for a very handsome patent philter which I sent him a few years ago."

"Yes," said Mr. Winkle, by way of corroborating Mr. Tupman's testimony, "it was about the same time that I bought for our excellent friend here—" indicating Mr. Pickwick—"a microscope which magnified a flea to the size of a large mouse."

"And on the same occasion," added Mr. Pickwick, turning with a glance of pride from his followers, to the great man who listened in silent admiration to the unquestionable reports of the witnesses, "I recollect that Snodgrass treated himself to the most complete rhyming dictionary extant."

The three Pickwickians felt that they had now done their duty as upright and honourable members of society, and the reward of their good actions was gathered in the approving smiles of each-other.

"You say, then, Sir," said M. Vidocq, after a pause, "that you value your watch at fifty pounds, English money?"

Mr. Tupman nodded assent, and Mr. Weller encouraged the whole party present to proceed in the investigation of the matter by assuring them that they might "go it, as crutches were cheap." This information, being in some way connected with the word "cripples," gave a most pleasing aspect to the face of the affair.

"If that be the case then," continued M. Vidocq, alluding to Mr. Tupman's answer, and not to Mr. Weller's observation, "you will not probably be averse to give fifteen pounds, sterling, for the recovery of your watch?"

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Tupman eagerly, "I shall do so with the greatest pleasure—provided I can also punish the delinquents."

"No—no," said Vidocq with a smile; "the watch will be returned on condition that no further notice be taken of the affair."

"Vonders vill never cease," cried Mr. Weller, "as the tailor said to the gen'leman ven he paid his bill."

"Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you air, Sir," returned the valet, stepping forward, and pulling his front locks by way of salutation.

"Hold your tongue till you're spoken to," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery good, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller, relapsing into the background.

In the meantime the negotiation, by the advice of the Gendarme, had been effected, and Mr. Tupman's stomach once more overhung the valued watch and chain he had lately despaired of ever recovering.

"You are probably acquainted, then, Sir, with Miss Anastasie de Volage," said Mr. Tupman, when he had counted out the money on the desk of the extraordinary personage in whose presence he stood.

"She has as many names, my dear Sir," answered Vidocq, "as I have had in my time—and those are not a few. Her father was a field-marshal of France, and her mother a *figurante* at the Opera. In process of time Mademoiselle Anastasie became a votary of the buskin also; and in that capacity, at the age of fifteen, she attracted the notice of a certain Count, and threw herself into his chariot and keeping at the same time. Her reign in that sphere lasted but a short time, and whenever she appended to herself a new name she added the appurtenance of a new lover also. At length she became notorious—and foreigners are now the objects upon which she preys. At one time she is the daughter of a Marchioness, and at another a Marchioness herself. Her flights indeed have been so lofty, that the title of Duchess has not unfrequently been assumed to dupe her victims. She is at present, I understand, in a fair way to captivate and espouse an old English Lord, whom she met the day before yesterday, and whom she intends to lead to the hymeneal altar the day after to-morrow. Her mother, the Marchioness de Volage," added M. Vidocq, with a sly glance towards Mr. Tupman's countenance, "has been seventeen times before the Sixth Chamber of Correctional Police—twice before the Criminal Court of the Assizes—and once in the Penitentiary-prison."

So astounded was the unfortunate Mr. Tupman at these overwhelming tidings, that he would have certainly deemed it becoming and prudent to faint upon the spot, had he not perceived, on casting a hasty look around him, that his friends were at too great a distance to catch him in his meditated fall. He therefore applied his hand to his pocket—but, alas! he had accidentally left his handkerchief behind him. There was no alternative left: he could not weep—so he gave vent to his emotions in a sigh of more than decent length, while Mr. Weller muttered somewhat audibly the expressive dissyllable "Gammon!" and then hummed the popular air of "A froggie would a wooing go," to pretend that the ejaculation had not emanated from his especial lips. Mr. Pickwick looked a thunder-storm, and Mr. Winkle a flash of lightning; but no verbal reference was made to Mr. Weller's unaccountable behaviour.

It is to this occasion that we must look for the origin of that episode in Mr. Pickwick's adventurous life, which forms so extraordinary and important a feature in the memoirs of his continental tour. It would appear, that when the party was once more seated in the hackney-coach, Mr. Tupman's countenance was still elongated to so deplorable an extent, that Mr. Pickwick's benevolent heart was deeply touched by the consciousness of his friend's unhappiness. The weather was cold and stormy—the snow fell at intervals—and little in the way of amusement could thus be done in Paris. It was, however, necessary to adopt some measure in order to distract Mr. Tupman's mind from pondering on his woes; and Mr. Pickwick, with his usual

foresight and wisdom, proposed a sort of pic-nic to the nearest agreeable town in the vicinity of Paris. The Gendarme was obliged to decline being one of the party: he, however, recommended his friends to proceed to St. Cloud, and put up at Legriél's well-known *restaurant*—two specific pieces of advice that were immediately put to the vote, and adopted without a single dissentient voice. M. Dumont accordingly took his leave of the Pickwickians; and having given some necessary instructions in their behalf to the driver, he left the hackney-coach to pursue the road to St. Cloud, and the adventurous Englishmen to the chances which a capricious fortune might throw in their way.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE VISIT TO ST. CLOUD.—THE GERMAN COURIER.—MR. PICKWICK, THOUGH HIMSELF A TORY, ENTERS UPON AN EXCELLENT UNDERSTANDING WITH A WIG.—THE CONSEQUENCES OF SO DANGEROUS A PARTNERSHIP.

THE pavement, over which the hackney-coach rolled leisurely along, was unhappily ignorant of the greatness of the individuals shut up in the body of the vehicle; or it would otherwise have smoothed its own surface for the benefit of the travellers. As it was, the coach jolted from side to side, and compelled Mr. Pickwick and his companions to perform certain pleasing and exhilarating bounds upon their respective seats, which species of exercise materially benefitted their healths and increased the sharpness of their appetites. Mr. Tupman's countenance was speedily knocked into its proper shape and extension, at the same time that the crown of his hat was as easily and readily propelled to a level with the summit of that skull beneath which reposed the brain of Pickwick's friend!

The road to St. Cloud runs for a considerable distance along those wide and handsome quays which restrain the occasionally turbulent waters of the Seine within its prescribed limits. In summer-time this is one of the prettiest drives in the vicinity of Paris. The Champ de Mars and the ancient Military School greet the eyes of the traveller on the opposite banks; and on his right hand the heights of Passy afford an agreeable contrast to the adjacent scenery. Should he cast a look behind, he would see Paris in all its splendour and glory, the beams of the unclouded sun playing upon the golden summit of the Hospital of Invalids, gilding the pinnacles of the Pantheon, the Sorbonne, and the University, enlivening even the dark gigantic towers of Notre-Dame, and smiling, as if in mockery, on the sepulchres of Pere Lachaise in the distance. It is in the gay season of the year that the magnificence of "the sovereign city of a thousand towers"—to use the language of Victor Hugo—may be duly perceived and appreciated; when the eye can embrace that vast assemblage of human habitations and of mighty monuments, stretching from east to west, and from north to south, across the plain, like the Babylon of ancient days; when, distance precluding the possibility of the ear's catching the busy hum of life, occupation, and bustle, the imagination is set to work to picture to itself the pursuits of the million ephemerons of

that vast ant-hill; and when the sky over-head is as pure and serene as the heavens of Italy or the Mediterranean Isles. Then may Paris be seen to advantage from the locality where we left our heroes for the purpose of entering upon this digression.

But the reader will remember that the day which Mr. Pickwick had so prudently selected for his country excursion, was tempestuous and gloomy; and that even if that extraordinary man had for one moment thought of mounting upon the top of the vehicle, and thence enjoying a quiet and comfortable view of the great city, his labour would have been ineffectual and ill-requested. We shall therefore jog quietly on with the horses, the vehicle, and the travellers; we shall turn with them from the direct road, at the commencement of Auteuil; we shall accompany them in safety through the Bois de Boulogne—or Boulogne Wood—where, by the bye, Mr. Winkle whispered something, with a very pale face, about robbers and murderers, in Mr. Tupman's ears; and we shall assist the little party to alight at the back entrance to Legriol's celebrated *restaurant* at St. Cloud.

The hackney-coachman having been duly tutored by the thoughtful Dumont, saved Mr. Pickwick and his friends a world of trouble by desiring the waiter to provide a sumptuous repast for those gentlemen, and by conducting Mr. Weller to the kitchen, where a few dishes werespeedily served up for their own especial behoof. By great good luck, the very identical German courier, who has been once or twice slightly alluded to in these memoirs, happened to be at St. Cloud on the very identical day, the adventures of which we are now so faithfully narrating. The moment Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle had been left to their fate by the hackney-coach driver, did the courier compassionately pounce upon them; and having first engaged their attention by speaking a language which, after some difficulty, they recognised to be their own vernacular tongue, he in two minutes put them in possession of certain facts, chiefly relating to his honourable calling, vast learning, and extensive travel, to all of which they listened with the deference suitable to the importance and solemnity of the subject.

"Gentelmans no dine yet, suppose?" said the courier, when he had brought his autobiographical sketch to a very desirable conclusion.

"Eh?" enquired Mr. Pickwick, considerably alarmed. "Do you mean to say, my good man, that we cannot dine here?"—and the immortal gentleman eyed the short, fat, shabbily-clad courier from head to foot with a glance of extreme inquisitiveness that would have startled any ordinary individual. Mr. Winkle, however, luckily comprehended the German's question, and gave the requisite reply.

"Gentelmans like see king's retreat in hot wedder?" demanded the courier.

"A summer-house, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick. "Is there any think remarkable besides the grape-vines attached to it?"

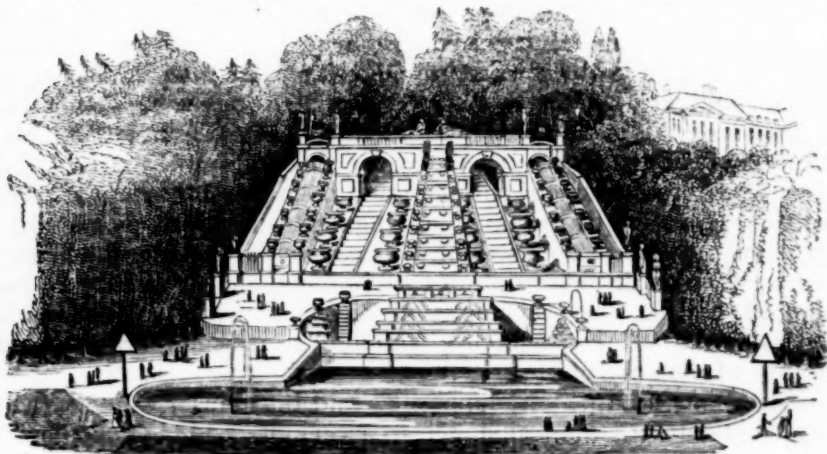
"Yes—yes," replied the courier; "plenty of ting. First, there is vere fine fish."

"Ah! hung up to dry; I see," observed Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his hands with philanthropic delight to think that the king attended to all his little comforts as well as to the affairs of the nation.

The courier perceived that there was a mistake somewhere; and thinking that any explanation or attempt to rectify it by words would

be useless—for he entertained the unholy and ridiculous idea that Mr. Pickwick was an old fool, and Messieurs Tupman and Winkle nothing better—he made a sign which no one could misinterpret, and which was immediately obeyed. The German accordingly led the way through the extensive park, and conducted the three gentlemen to the Palace of St. Cloud, the chaste and simple, but beautiful architecture of which elicited the warmest approbation of the distinguished persons of whose presence the building was unhappily unconscious, else had its thousand bricks sent forth as many melodious voices to welcome their arrival. The mystery relative to the fish was also cleared up in an equally satisfactory manner, by the existence of a large and handsome bason that was overlooked by the terrace in front of the Chateau, and was well stocked with the finest carp and tench that ever met mortal eye or were intended to satiate mortal appetite.

The German had a host of anecdotes connected with the palace, the water, and the fish, to relate to Mr. Pickwick and that gentleman's companions, whose only surprise was that the courier had not long ago been bound in calf and placed in some public museum as the most capacious and accurate history extant. The water-works were then visited by our persevering travellers; and after a long inspection of that stupendous edifice, which has probably no rival in the world,



the constructions at Versailles being of a different description, they returned to Legriel's, where they liberally remunerated the German courier for his trouble, and sate down to as good a repast as ever was prepared within those classic cells, each of which is not above eight feet square.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Pickwick and his friends emerged from the *petit cabinet* in which they had dined, and, by the assistance of Mr. Weller, were once more precipitated into the hackney-coach. The driver then mounted with considerable difficulty into his seat, and the vehicle moved briskly on towards Paris.

"Do you know," said Mr. Pickwick, prefacing his observation with a mysterious shake of the head,—“do you know that I am sadly afraid Sam has had a little—mind, I do not say much—but a small drop to drink this afternoon?”

“He certainly pushed me into the coach with unnecessary violence,” remarked Mr. Tupman.

"And I myself noticed," said Mr. Winkle, "that he smelt horribly of liquor."

"I shouldn't at all wonder, then," continued Mr. Pickwick, still more mysteriously than ever, "if the coachman were drunk also."

"And it is thus that you entrust your valuable life to such hands!" cried Mr. Winkle in a tone of indignant remonstrance; "for me and Tupman to have done so, might be pardonable;—but—" and Mr. Winkle, with a very pale face, held his peace.

Mr. Pickwick did not deliberate another moment. He was determined not to be killed in a hackney-coach to please anybody; he accordingly put his head out of the window, and peremptorily commanded his domestic to cause the vehicle to be immediately stopped. His orders were instantly obeyed—the door was opened—and Mr. Pickwick leapt lightly out of the coach into the middle of the road.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick hastily.

"Sir," replied that gentleman with the usual touch of the hat.

"Get into the coach," cried Mr. Pickwick. "I am going to drive."

"You, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, in the most unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes—I, Sir," returned Mr. Pickwick in a tone which plainly demonstrated that he was serious. Mr. Weller did not venture another remonstrance: he merely advised his master "to whip the osses vell, as they wouldn't holloa," and jumped into the place that had just been relinquished by Mr. Pickwick, when he again gave vent to his feelings in certain audible expressions of wonder and discontent.

Thus far had Mr. Pickwick succeeded in accomplishing the aim he had in view. It however remained for him to prevail upon the coachman to descend from his airy situation on the box, and also accept of a seat in the interior of the vehicle. This object was speedily effected through the sagacious *medium* of certain jerks at the driver's great-coat, and a perfect encyclopædia of signs, by which Mr. Pickwick eventually succeeded in making known his intentions and wishes. The Frenchman had indeed imbibed somewhat too liberally of the excellent fluids with which Mr. Weller had generously regaled him at Legriels; and without giving himself much trouble to consider the motives of Mr. Pickwick's proceedings, he slowly relinquished possession of the dickey, and conveyed his person to the more commodious place humanely provided for him by the fears of that humane gentleman.

With a smile of triumph that would not have shamed a Cæsar when he had worsted a Pompey, did Mr. Pickwick gather up the whip and reins, and ascend to that eminence whence he had so prudently dislodged the coachman and Mr. Weller. Crack went the whip—round went the wheels—and the horses put as much energy into their movements, as the lameness of the one and the vicious inclinations of the other would permit. But, alas! scarcely had the equipage entered the Bois de Boulogne, when a violent hail-storm took the liberty of pelting on Mr. Pickwick's person as well as upon the common things around; and while that illustrious gentleman essayed to button up his coat across his breast, and thus partially to defend himself against the inclemency of the weather, his hat and whip took a sudden and unexpected leave of him at the same time.

Now it happened, that when Mr. Pickwick stooped the vehicle to alight and look after his property, which seemed to be any thing but disposed to look after him, the coachman and Mr. Weller were fast asleep inside; and it was also a fact that Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, upon enquiring "what was the matter!" were desired by their great leader "to remain quiet, and he would soon resume his functions on the dickey." Having thus tranquillized his friends, Mr. Pickwick commenced a vigorous and hearty chase after his hat, which appeared very much inclined to return to St. Cloud as speedily as possible. While Mr. Pickwick was thus engaged, the horses, being naturally averse to stand idle in the cold and sleet, set off at a tolerably decent trot; and as Messieurs Tupman and Winkle never imagined for a moment that the box was not once more occupied by the volunteer-driver, they remained perfectly calm and easy in their respective places, discussing those topics which usually interest great men—such as the rain, the hail, the snow, and the state of the roads.

In the meantime, the unfortunate cause of all this unpleasant dilemma—or, in other words, the refractory hat—conducted its owner to the very verge of a tolerably muddy ditch, into the recesses of which that gentleman felt no inclination to descend after his lost property. He therefore relinquished all hope of recovering the beaver tegument; and, without yielding himself up to grief and despair, enveloped his head in his silk pocket-handkerchief, and turned to retrace his steps towards the vehicle he had abandoned a quarter of an hour before. But the hail-storm pelted pitilessly upon him; and, to add to his difficulties, he missed the direct road and turned into a bye-one, the mazes of which soon involved him in the intricacies of the wood.

It was now, for the first time, that Mr. Pickwick began to be seriously alarmed at his predicament; and the idea of being laid up in bed with a dangerous cold, was not the least unpleasant reflection that harassed his imagination. What, then, was the extent of his joy and surprise when a dingy object, hanging to the branch of a tree at a little distance, and bearing a strong resemblance to a large wig, met his eyes?

"Impossible!" thought Mr. Pickwick within himself: "a wig in the middle of Boulogne wood! ridiculous;"—and he was about to hasten by, when a closer inspection established the identity his mind had already imagined. "Well—after all, it *is* a wig!" cried Mr. Pickwick aloud, as he took it from the tree and turned it over and over in his hands. "And a very excellent wig it is too! Extraordinary—but the inside is as dry as a bone;"—and without any further hesitation, Mr. Pickwick divested his head of the silk pocket-handkerchief, and substituted the aforesaid article in its place.

The wig was not a very handsome one; but it was very useful and very warm. It was made of tow, and the back part of it fell in ample and graceful folds over Mr. Pickwick's coat-collar and shoulders, thus giving to his appearance a certain theatrical air, essentially at variance with his wonted grave and dignified deportment. Indeed, he has since declared that it struck him at the time that the wig must have been accidentally left in that identical spot by some strolling player or juggler. Time, however, convinced him of the incorrectness of this surmise.

Protected in so unlooked-for and providential a manner against the violence of the hail-storm, and wearing the capacious brown wig as if he had been made for it, and it for him—Mr. Pickwick pushed manfully onwards, at one moment marvelling whither he was going, and at another humming “God save the King” to the tune of the Old Hundredth Psalm. With such facilities of varying his amusement, it is not to be wondered at if Mr. Pickwick took no note of time; nor shall we be much surprised to learn that the shades of night dimmed the lustre of that great man by enveloping him in its mists, before he had satisfactorily determined in his own mind where he was to seek for shelter. He however congratulated himself upon the possession of the old brown wig, and forgot that if he had been in England he would have certainly passed as a fugitive Pantaloon from an itinerant sixpenny theatre.

Mr. Pickwick had probably wandered through the mazes of the wood for about an hour, when the train of his meditations was interrupted by the coincidence of a slight fall which he had in the middle of a tolerably deep ditch; and, on his emerging therefrom, he only leapt out of the frying-pan into the fire. In other words, he had no sooner managed to scramble to the top of the bank, when he was roughly seized by the unsaintly hands of three or four individuals whom the clattering of swords and other articles of military equipment pronounced to be Gendarmes. If any doubt remained in Mr. Pickwick’s mind as to the actual profession of the gentlemen into whose power he had fallen, it was speedily dispersed by the light which a dark lanthorn speedily threw upon the whole party, the said dark lanthorn being an especial *item* in the catalogue of worldly possessions which called the chief of the Gendarmes “owner.”

Our hero’s first impulse was to level an avalanche of eloquence at the Gendarmes who thus illegally detained his august person in custody: his second, being doubtless prompted by a very shrewd suspicion that the officers did not understand the exact *minutiae* of his language, was to hold his peace, and accompany his captors in meek resignation to the place whither it seemed good to them to conduct him. In pursuance of this plan, Mr. Pickwick was obliged to retrace his steps in conformity with the wishes and movements of his careful guides; and in three quarters of an hour the cavalcade entered the little town of Boulogne,* Mr. Pickwick with his comfortable and becoming wig marching in the midst of the grim-looking police that surrounded him. To the honour of the French be it, however, mentioned, that as Mr. Pickwick marched in state through Boulogne, no eggs assailed his person, although plenty of sarcasm was levelled against his portentous wig by the groups of idlers whom the novelty of the scene not a little amused. But the individual who had whilome founded the most celebrated club that ever existed, and had carried his researches not only into many obscure parts of his own country, but even to the metropolis of a foreign one, was not to be daunted by the shouts of laughter, hurraing, and screaming, which his august presence beneath the brown wig elicited from the inhabitants of Boulogne.

* Boulogne is a small town in the vicinity of Paris. Hence the distinction of Boulogne-sur-Mer, or Boulogne-by-the-Sea.

Mr. Pickwick was marched direct to the office of the Commissary of Police of the little town aforesaid; and after a few preliminary forms, that functionary of the law proceeded to inform him that he was "apprehended under the suspicion of being a notorious robber and thief, who, in divers disguises, but especially in that of the brown wig, had committed many daring excesses in the vicinity of Boulogne, St. Cloud, Versailles, and St. Germain; that the day previous to the one on which he was thus fortunately arrested, he had robbed an old lady—a resident of Boulogne aforesaid—of the sum of three hundred and seventy-nine francs, seventeen centimes; that the robbery was effected in or near the identical spot where the Gendarmes had succeeded in capturing him as he emerged from his place of concealment; and that numbers were ready to come forward and identify the wig he wore with the one which usually disguised the robber who had so long haunted the neighbourhood of the places above mentioned."

As Mr. Pickwick did not of course comprehend one syllable of this serious indictment, he contented himself by staring vacantly at the magistrate, and by making a few signs to intimate that he was a foreigner; whereupon the Gendarmes whispered to each other, "that they never saw a more sanctified-looking old rascal in the whole course of their lives," and at the same time coincided in a kind and satisfactory opinion to the effect that the guillotine was marked on his countenance. It, however, struck the Commissary that the terrible malefactor in question was really unacquainted with the French language; and as the official interpreter—from whom Mr. Pickwick subsequently gathered the substance of the *proces-verbal* above stated, as well as the nature of the policemen's remarks—was in attendance, our venerable hero was forthwith put in possession of the merits of the case, and the history of the charges brought against him.

No sooner was Mr. Pickwick thus made aware of the real state of the matter as it stood, than his first impulse was to dash the unfortunate wig into the faces of the Gendarmes who had arrested him, and his second to burst into a long and eloquent string of invectives against those mistaken functionaries. The Commissary himself, judging from Mr. Pickwick's sincerity of manner, began to apprehend that the real thief was still at large, and that an innocent gentleman was arraigned in his stead. But if any thing more conclusive than his own explanation—which, unhappily, none save the interpreter for some time understood—were wanting to establish Mr. Pickwick's innocence, the testimony of the old lady, who had been robbed, and who now presented herself at the office for the especial purpose of acting as witness in the case, was definitive. The Commissary accordingly dismissed the accused with a hundred apologies for the inconvenience he had suffered; and the Gendarmes condescended to announce to each other that he was not, after all, so "very roguish-looking a fellow." The case was thus promptly disposed of; and Mr. Pickwick accompanied the interpreter to the principal hotel in the town, where an excellent supper was provided at the expense of the former gentleman, and done justice to by both.

It was about half-past nine o'clock, when Mr. Pickwick paid the bill, and intimated to the interpreter his intention to return to Paris, as his friends were most probably uneasy on account of his prolonged

absence. The Frenchman assured Mr. Pickwick that there were no public vehicles to the metropolis at so late an hour in the evening; and having an eye to his own interest, the wily interpreter, after a long discourse upon the restlessness of horses, and the danger of trusting to strange animals in an unfrequented road, persuaded his docile companion to accept the loan of a fine donkey to conduct him to Meurice's hotel.

"Vere noble animal, milor," said the obsequious Frenchman: "he as well know road as diligence-horse himself. He go easy—he not bolt—he vere fine beast, indeed!"

Mr. Pickwick, overcome by the insinuating arguments and eloquence of the interpreter, at length consented to *accept* the proffered loan, for which the sum of five and twenty francs was duly exacted, when the animal made its appearance at the door of the hotel. Mr. Pickwick had, however, gone too far to recede: he accordingly paid the fee required by the interpreter, purchased a hat of the landlord, and mounted into the saddle with a species of desperate courage that did him infinite credit, and tends in no small degree to contribute to the increase of his reputation. The interpreter, the host and hostess, and about fourteen dependants of the hotel, were marshalled at the door to witness his departure; and when, having taken leave of the multitude by a polite bow, the gallant "horseman" pushed his donkey into a smart gallop, which was only introduced by sundry kicks on both sides, a loud huzza betokened the mirth of those he left behind, and, at the same time, materially accelerated the speed adopted by the interesting beast he bestrode.

But let us hasten and bring this extraordinary episode to a conclusion. The clock at the magnificent palace of the Minister of Finance had struck the mystic hour of one, when a loud ring at the gate of Meurice's hotel disturbed the porter in his lodge, Messieurs Tupman and Winkle in the coffee-room, and Mr. Samuel Weller in the kitchen—each of the above-named gentlemen having anxiously awaited the arrival of the lost sheep. The gates were immediately opened with the least possible delay; and to the astonishment of those who crowded in the arch-way to welcome his return, Mr. Pickwick galloped into the court-yard of the hotel upon the noble donkey he had so prudently and sagaciously hired of the interpreter at Boulogne.

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, while he assisted his master to alight, "this is rayther too strong, as the duke observed ven they shoved him into the Malmesey butt."

"Thank God you have come back safe and sound," exclaimed Mr. Tupman, glancing first at Mr. Pickwick, and then at the donkey.

"If you had not returned to-night," added Mr. Winkle, with a sob, "I'm sure I don't know what I should have done. My feelings had nearly overpowered me as it was."

So indeed they had: for the excellent and good-hearted young man had found it necessary to make such frequent applications to a certain mixture called punch, in order to maintain any thing approaching to command over himself, that, in the eminently graphic and descriptive language of Mr. Weller, he was, at the identical moment of Mr. Pickwick's return, "crying drunk;" and in the wildness of his joy at so safe an arrival, he first embraced that gentleman, and then the ass which

brought him, with a rapture that actually forced tears into the eyes of his venerable friend himself. Mr. Pickwick saw that he was beloved by his companions—he was not jealous of the notice thus bestowed on the interpreter's donkey—his mind scorned to entertain so selfish a thought—and in the luxury of the moment he wept in concert with his affectionate companion Winkle.

An adjournment, on the part of the gentlemen, to the coffee-room, and on that of the donkey to the stable, then took place; and while the last-named individual partook of a *modicum* of hay and a drink of water for his supper, Mr. Pickwick, on the other hand, related his adventures to his wondering friends, and listened in return to the short account which Mr. Tupman had to give him relative to a disagreeable upset which the hackney-coach and its occupiers experienced in the midst of a muddy road, the alarm that had been felt on account of Mr. Pickwick's unaccountable absence, and the particulars of an eventually safe arrival at the Hotel Meurice. These interesting details being mutually disposed of, the several gentlemen retired to their beds, and doubtless enjoyed the luxuries of the sweet repose that shortly there overtook them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THIS IS A SHORT CHAPTER, IN WHICH CERTAIN PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO MR. ADOLPHUS CRASHEM ARE SUCCINCTLY DETAILED.

ABOUT a week after the important date of the no less important occurrences related in the preceding chapter, two letters were placed in Mr. Pickwick's hands, as he one morning emanated from his bedroom in the eternal black gaiters and a coeval good humour. As the handwriting of both was perfectly unknown to his experienced eye, he did not open the epistles forthwith, but prudently turned them backwards and forwards in his hands, and surveyed with peculiar sharpness the fashion of the folds. As an instance of experimental philosophy—being an essay as to the practicability of reading the interior through the *medium* of an outward inspection—the attempt was indeed a curious one; but as an ordinary* and every-day pursuit, it might doubtless have met with many dissentient voices and much disapprobation. Be that as it may—for we must remind the reader of the fact that Mr. Pickwick was no common individual—the letters were eventually opened and perused; and these were the contents of the first.

“Sir,

“Your respected letter arrived at a hand-gallop a day or two ago, and I accordingly despatch you a reply, which I hope will reach you at something better than a canter. Mr. Craschem trotted into my debt so pleasantly and quietly that he did not turn a hair, nor I a shilling. It was about the time that my head-ostler was hanged for horse-stealing, that the bill commenced; and when my second wife ran away from me, I opened my eyes to the tremendous pace at which

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2 A

he was going. The elopement of my youngest daughter, Hyacintha, with Theophilus-Lucius Grubem, the dogs-meat man, scarcely affected me more than the loss of the little filly, whose wind he broke when going to Doncaster in that lovely shay I lent him for the occasion. But that was not all. He borrowed a pair of leather breeches and gaiters of the groom, and forgot to restore them when the poor fellow was sent to the treadmill. He humbugged the under-ostler to accept of some squibs in return for a pair of spurs—told me I was no gentleman when I sent in my bill—asked me to dine with him, borrowed my plate, and never restored it to me, but assured me, with all the impudence in the world, ‘that he had lent it to his uncle’—and at length cut me at the theatre, because I went in my top-boots and new checked neckerchief. Under these circumstances, Sir, I cannot consent to take one farthing less than the amount of my bill; and remain,

“Sir,

“Your obedient humble servant,

“MICHAEL NAGSFLESH.”

The second and last letter ran as follows:—

“Sir,

“I am desired by Mr. Stickemin to acknowledge your favour, and to assure you that he would willingly accede to Mr. Adolphus Crashem’s proposition, did not two or three little circumstances prevent him. In the first place, the name of Crashem is but an assumed one, and was printed upon his card about the very time he ever put on the first pair of leather unutterables, made for him by Mr. Stickemin. In the second place, he dressed up a common horse-chaunter as a gentleman, and introduced him to us as a nobleman of rank and fortune, whereby Mr. Stickemin was a loser to the amount of eighty-seven pounds nineteen shillings and eleven pence halfpenny. (See Ledger, page 187.) And in the third place,—but there are also a great many other places, if I did but choose to mention them—this Mr. Crashem, or whatever his name may be, persuaded Mrs. Stickemin to purchase a small dancing-bear, which he had himself bought for a paltry sum, at the enormous value of twenty pounds lawful money of this realm.

“Your obedient servant (for A. Stickemin),

“TIMOTHY RUNNITUP.”

Scarcely had Mr. Pickwick perused the contents of these letters, and made known their nature to Mr. Tupman and Mr. Winkle, when they all met at the breakfast-table, before Mr. Weller entered the room.

“Vell,” said that individual, without waiting to be questioned relative to the cause of the strange smile that curled his lip, “I’m blowed if ever I see such a go as this is. Jack-the-Giant-Killer ain’t nothin’ to it.”

“What’s the matter, Sam?” enquired Mr. Pickwick, almost choking himself with the fear of another visit from Mr. Septimus Chitty.

“Vy, Sir,” responded Mr. Weller, “there’s a wery respectable old chap down in the coffee-room, as keeps a public in the Borough. I

don't know the name o' the tap exactly ; but I often see him ven I vos boots at the old inn from vich you took me, Sir ; and I heerd say in those times—"

"But what is there extraordinary in that ?" enquired Mr. Pickwick somewhat sharply. "A respectable tavern-keeper has as much right to come to Meurice's hotel as ourselves, provided he conducts himself properly."

"Yes, Sir—that's all wery vell, and nobody doesn't come for'ard for to contrawert it, as the parson said ven he published the banns for the two Blackey-moors," returned Mr. Weller: "but this old gen'leman doesn't live here at all. He's brought a letter o' introduction to a friend of his vich keeps a public in Paris ; and is come to the hotel to rek-vire some information touchin' and consarnin' his son."

"Indeed," said Mr. Pickwick, beginning to feel himself interested in that which his valet was narrating to him : "And pray what is the name of the individual to whom you allude ?"

"Sugden, Sir," answered Mr. Weller: he calls his-self honest Jack Sugden, late o' the What's-his-name, and present landlord o' the Thing-um-bob. He's troubled with a short memory, Sir, just for all the world like the ministers of his blessed Majesty."

Mr. Pickwick did not wait to hear the conclusion of his faithful domestic's remarks. He rose hastily from his chair as soon as the name of "Sugden" met his ears, even at the risk of overturning the breakfast-table into Mr. Nathaniel Winkle's lap, and hurried down stairs to the coffee-room as quickly as his legs could carry him. On his arrival in that sacred fane, he glanced around him in order to ascertain the locality occupied by the proprietor of the aristocratic nomenclature that thus had excited his energies and his curiosity ; and in a moment his eyes alighted upon a fat, red-faced, bald-headed individual, whose dress and occupation at once denoted the landlord of the respectable "public" in the Borough. The former of those enlightening characteristics—or in other words, the stranger's attire was composed of a blue coat and brass buttons, a long buff waistcoat, a white neckcloth, drab trowsers, and gaiters of the same ; and his occupation was the important discussion of a mighty plate of cold roast-beef, and his second bottle of London porter by way of breakfast. Mr. Pickwick was convinced, after he had cast one glance at the gentleman here described, and another at his agreeable avocations, that no other person in the coffee-room was worthy of bearing so distinguished a patronymic as that of Sugden. To the astonishment, therefore, of the waiters present, and of Mr. Weller, who had followed his master down-stairs, and whose surprise had ere now been so considerably excited by the presence of a tavern-keeper at Meurice's hotel,—Mr. Pickwick stepped up to the individual under notice (as the reviewers would say of a book), and accosted him with a polite bow which could be only intended as a preliminary to a farther and more intimate acquaintance.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, in the blandest tone of voice he had ever yet assumed, "but—if I mistake not—your name is Sugden—Mr. Sugden, I believe."

"Yes, Sir, it is," replied the gentleman thus addressed, as he eyed

Mr. Pickwick askance, "and you, I suppose," continued Mr. Sugden, "are the landlord of What's-his-name-hotel—ain't you?"

Mr. Pickwick at once pleaded not guilty to this indictment; and in order to inspire his fellow-countryman with confidence, he declared his name and titles with as much correctness as if he were an aristocrat reading a genealogy aloud from Mr. Lodge's "Peerage."

"Perhaps you'll jine me, then, Mr. Thing-um-bob?" suggested Mr. Sugden, glancing towards Mr. Pickwick, and indicating the half-emptied bottle of porter with a subtle jerk of his right hand. Mr. Sugden's powers of recollection were exceedingly circumscribed; and in order to avoid the disagreeable necessity of wearing them out by putting them to a too frequent test, he prudently supplied the places of real names with other compounds of his own invention.

"No, I thank you," returned Mr. Pickwick, politely declining the proffered glass of porter: "my object in addressing myself to you, Sir, was to ascertain if you were acquainted with a gentleman of the name of Crashem."

"Don't *you* think, Mr. What-the-devil's-your name," enquired Mr. Sugden in slow and measured terms, "that a father ain't a bein' admirably well calculated to recognise his own son?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pickwick, hastily: "and he is not the only son and heir, then, of General Crashem, of Crashem Park?"

"All gammon," laconically answered Mr. Sugden.

"Nor engaged to be married to Miss Grinwell, of Grinwell Lodge, Somersetshire?" added Mr. Pickwick.

"No more than you are, Mr. What-is-it," responded the stout gentleman. "His grandfather, which was a respectable cow-herd in that county, left him a few pounds that was soon squandered away; and I, Mr. Thing-um-bob, am honest Jack Sugden of the *Lanthorn and Cat* in the Borough, elector and overseer, and a loyal subject of Great What-d'ye-call-it. Them's my titles;"—and as he gave utterance to these dignified words, he looked around him with an air that seemed to challenge any one to deny his rank or his assertions.

"You are aware, Sir," said Mr. Pickwick after a short pause, "that your son is in the debtors' prison of this city?"

"So I heerd from one of his London trades-men," answered Mr. Sugden; "and that's what brought me over to Frogland. He's my only son, and I can't suffer him to rot in a gaol, which he might do."

"Perhaps he might," said Mr. Pickwick, drily, as the reminiscences of the debauch and the discount flashed across his mind. "But, if it be your intention to call upon him in his place of confinement, I will accompany you. I have not been there lately."

"With pleasure, Mr. Devil-take-the-name, and much obleeged into the bargain," exclaimed the proprietor of the *Lanthorn and Cat*; then in the fulness of his heart and the communicativeness of the feelings which Mr. Pickwick's kindness and the bottled porter had together encouraged, he proceeded to favour that gentleman with a slight sketch of his volatile son's past life.

It appears that when Mr. Adolphus Crashem, *alias* Mr. William Sugden, arrived at the age of fifteen, a practised utilitarian and generous patron of the working-classes, placed at his unqualified disposal the sum of six guineas *per annum* and a couple of suits of livery, in re-

turn for certain duties which the youth was requested to perform. Amongst those functions, the polishing of boots, waiting at table, and standing behind a cab were the most prominent, and consequently the most onerous. But Mr. William Sugden inherited from his father a remarkable shortness of memory; and this defect was one day developed in the following singular manner. The young gentleman was despatched to a banker to procure cash for a cheque; it is, however, supposed that he must have lost his way and been robbed of the money, as he certainly forgot to return and report the real state of the case to his master.

About this time, Mr. William Sugden fell in with Mr. Tims—an old school-fellow—and through the interest made in his behalf by the last-named gentleman, he obtained the lucrative and responsible situation of light porter, in the highly respectable firm of Messieurs Bodkin and Grogram. The elder Mr. Sugden then interceded in behalf of his son; and the young aspirant was duly promoted to the post of traveller for the house in which his fortunes were now embarked. The prosperity of his masters had been established in the beginning on the solid basis of a floating capital of about eighteen-pence; and Mr. William Sugden did not doubt but that his own glories might as easily be erected and maintained.

But his shortness of memory was again an impediment to his progress in the walks of commercial life; and the various sums of money which he received in the country and forgot to account for in town, were the origin of his disgrace in the opinions of Messieurs Bodkin and Grogram. To be brief, those gentlemen, with unfeeling abruptness, dared to remind Mr. William Sugden of his trivial though numerous oversights, which, in their ignorance of the English language, they denominated “peculations.” A police-officer was accordingly summoned to remove Mr. Sugden from the premises; but as that highly injured man was desirous of giving no trouble where his services had been so ill-requited, and not deigning to explain his conduct, he manfully threw up his situation and left his employers to shift for themselves without even notifying his intentions. Indeed, he determined, as he subsequently expressed himself to his indignant father, never to show his face in the neighbourhood of Messieurs Bodkin and Grogram’s abode, so long as he had a nose protruding from his countenance.

It is pleasing to be enabled to trace the progress of great and remarkable men. Being now thrown upon his own resources, and not choosing to walk about London with his hands and nothing else in his pockets, Mr. William Sugden borrowed a few guineas of his father, and opened a discount office under an assumed name, in a fashionable street at the West End of London. His mode of doing business was singular in the extreme, and bears ample testimony to the extent of his organ of inventiveness. Instead of discounting the bills that were left in his hands for that purpose, he usually made his clients pay a handsome remuneration to get them back again; and as those clients were chiefly young men about town, who had a certain appearance to keep up, it did not suit them to expose the bad state of their affairs by commencing legal proceedings against the firm of which Mr. William Sugden was the sole support and representative. But at

length, to use his father's own expressive language, "he was blown, and obliged to shift his quarters to the cool and tranquil retreat afforded by a garret in the *Lanthorn and Cat* itself.

Mr. William Sugden's talents were, however, of too brilliant a nature to be concealed in the unsentimental abode their proprietor had now chosen; and a farther supply of coin, to which he prudently helped himself from his parent's till, enabled him to make a short tour in the West of England, accompanied by sundry packs of cards and pairs of dice which he had previously arranged to suit his own peculiar purposes. It is uncertain in what manner this extraordinary young man availed himself, during his tour, of those means which nature and a little art had placed at his disposal. There was, however, a strange story afloat at the time, relative to a certain individual of a certain description having been detected in certain nefarious practices with the dice, at a certain mess-table in a certain town; and a few other little circumstances, that bore collateral reference to this rumour, at once established in Mr. Sugden senior's mind, the conviction of the identity of his son and heir with the individual alluded to.

Be that as it may, it is a well-known and indisputable fact, that Mr. William Sugden returned to London with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, and became a regular visitor to the various gambling-houses with which the West End of the English Metropolis is so eminently adorned. Malicious people have ventured to assert that the young gentleman himself became "a bonnet" or decoy at one of the principal establishments he was thus pleased to honour with his presence; but as to the truth of so gross an assertion there exists no real evidence. Suffice it to say, that in a very short period Mr. Sugden amassed the sum of a thousand pounds, or thereabouts, and that he had created for himself a snug and quiet little circle of acquaintance, the chief members of which were the proprietors and frequenters of the *pandemonia* where money may be lost in so speedy and highly satisfactory a manner.

Mr. William Sugden now set up in business as a "young man about town," and dropping his own hereditary patronymic, adopted the more aristocratic one of Adolphus Crashem. But in every instance was the extraordinary family failing with which he was afflicted, more and more developed. He not only forgot to pay the stipulated price for the various articles he profusely ordered from about sixteen different jewellers resident at the West End of London; but, in a state of uncertainty as to the real owner of the goods thus supplied, and with a view to their security which speaks volumes for his prudence and forethought, he conveyed them to the safe and assured custody of the nearest pawnbroker. Indeed, to do him full justice, he subsequently handed over the duplicates to the aforesaid jewellers, when interrogated as to the manner in which the property had been disposed of.

Virtue seldom meets with its reward in this life. The sixteen jewellers, aided by Messieurs Stickemin and Nagsflesh—the two individuals before alluded to, concocted a base and Catiline-like conspiracy against the peace and well-being of Mr. Adolphus Crashem. These misguided men, in a moment of opaqueness not easily conceived by the intelligent reader, ventured to accuse their victim of a variety of ne-

farious and fraudulent practices, the full meaning of which his upright and correct mind could not readily imagine. The ideas of his conspirators were however conveyed to him through the organ of a police-officer; but, not choosing to be even suspected of dishonesty, he prudently made his escape from the clutches of B 155, and fled to France, whither the machinations of his enemies, he fondly hoped, could scarcely follow him.

Such was the concise account of Mr. Crashem's early adventures, which Mr. Pickwick gleaned from the statement of that gentleman's father. When the narrative was brought to a conclusion, our venerated hero summoned his domestic and friends, and desired them to accompany himself and Mr. Sugden to the New Prison. This request was immediately complied with; and in about three quarters of an hour, the little party was unpacked from a hackney-coach at the gate of the edifice just named. Mr. Pickwick led the way; and the procession passed on towards the apartment occupied by the object of this solemn visit. The object himself was seated at the table with his inestimable friends, Messieurs Lipman, Jopling, and Tims; and as those gentlemen had already commenced their orgies, the sight was doubtless a very gratifying one to a father who was afraid that his son might be rotting in a gaol.

"Well, Master What's-his-name—you've got into Thing-um-bob at last, have you?" enquired Mr. Sugden, senior, as he indignantly surveyed the person of his delinquent son. "Now, mind what I say, young man: if so be as you don't mend your ways—and very speedily too—I'll be d—d if you don't come to be sent abroad for your country's good."

"Indeed," suggested Mr. Pickwick blandly, who did not precisely comprehend the nature of the figure of speech by which Mr. Sugden intended to represent the slight inconvenience called *transporting*; "I should not imagine that your son would so easily obtain a government situation, unless he conducts himself better in future:—" and in order to punish the culprit for the duplicity and systematic deception he had so successfully practised upon the credulity of those who would have been his friends, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to read aloud the contents of the letters he had that morning received from London, and which bore such flattering and highly creditable testimonials to the good character of the subject of them. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the prison-companions of Mr. Sugden, junior, were fairly convulsed at the detail of that gentleman's delinquencies in London; and that Mr. Tims pronounced him to be "the most knowing cove" with whose acquaintance he had ever been honoured. Even the respectable landlord of the *Lanthorn and Cat* himself indulged in an ill-suppressed chuckle, as Mr. Pickwick read the aforesaid derogatory epistles aloud to the whole party present.

"Perhaps you'd like to take something to drink, Sir, after that?" said Mr. Lipman, when the letters were again consigned to Mr. Pickwick's pocket.

"Or tip us a stave of the old hundredth psalm," suggested Mr. Jopling.

"Or stand on your head for a wager," added Mr. Tims.

"Come—come, none o' that 'ere, gen'lemen," cried Mr. Weller,

elbowing his way between the persons of Messieurs Tupman and Winkle, and confronting the three facetious friends of the *quondam* Adolphus Crashem, with a threatening attitude. "Don't you see, Sir, that them chaps is humbugging you vith their wery polite offers to drink, and all other sorts o' gammon? For tuppense I'd pitch into 'em, as the little boy said ven he saw the mince-pies in his mother's larder."

"We had better retire, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, casting a withering glance at the three gentlemen, who immediately burst out into a most irreverent laugh, instead of being scorched in their chairs.

"Ve had, Sir," returned Mr. Weller emphatically, "an' for fear o' contamination too, as the street-sweeper said ven he made vay for the dustman."

Mr. Pickwick accordingly turned abruptly on his heel, and hastily left the apartment, followed by Messieurs Tupman, Winkle, and Weller; while Mr. Sugden, senior, proceeded to take measures for the prompt emancipation of his son and heir from the walls of the New Prison—the subsequent accomplishment of which feat in the course of the day awakened no small feeling of regret in the minds of Mr. Lipman and Mr. Jopling, who probably foresaw a considerable chance of being frequently condemned to have recourse to the baked-potatoes and butter as a cheap and wholesome substitute for those succulent repasts they had been accustomed to partake of at the table of Mr. William Sugden.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. SCUTTLE AND MR. WALKER ARE INTRODUCED AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME.—BERENGER'S CELEBRATED NATIONAL AIR.—THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—SOMETHING MARVELLOUSLY INTERESTING IS LEFT FOR THE NEXT CHAPTER.

WHEN Mr. Pickwick and his companions once more returned to the superb caravanseray at which they resided, Mr. Weller was dismissed to amuse himself to the best of his endeavours, and the three gentlemen proceeded to their common sitting-room, to write a variety of letters, in the despatch of which correspondence they were somewhat in arrear. Mr. Pickwick was desirous of communicating with his stock-broker—Mr. Winkle with his beloved spouse and revered father—and Mr. Tupman with a couple of young milliners, the one residing in Pimlico, and the other in Pentonville, who formed part and parcel of the circle of his acquaintance. Other epistles were also to be indited for the perusal of Mr. Augustus Snodgrass and a plurality of friends. It was therefore unanimously agreed to devote the morning to the occupation of writing, and the evening to the less innocent but more diverting entertainment of visiting the Royal Academy of Music, and the Theatre of the Porte Saint Martin, Mr. Pickwick sagaciously observing that it was better to kill two birds with one stone.

But these plans were in some measure doomed to be disconcerted; for when Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle entered their

sitting-room, their visual organs made them aware of the fact that the chair on the one side of the fire was occupied by Mr. Jeremiah Scuttle, and the chair on the other side by Mr. Hook Walker. The latter gentleman was busily engaged in discussing a sandwich and a pint of Madeira which he had prudently ordered for his own benefit, and at Mr. Pickwick's expense; and the former was as sedulously occupied in the perusal of Mr. Pickwick's note-book which had accidentally been left upon the mantel-piece.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" enquired Mr. Hook Walker, rising slowly from his chair, and disposing of his last glass of Madeira: "you see that it is a part of my system to make myself comfortable."

"So I perceive," said Mr. Pickwick, somewhat abruptly.

"Ah! Mr. Pickwick—Mr. Tupman—Mr. Winkle, how are you?" exclaimed Mr. Scuttle. "God bless me! Why—I declare, that in a fit of absence I have been reading your private *memoranda*, my dear Sir!" he added, with a look of astonishment at the mysterious pocket-book he held in his hand.

"Oh! never mind," cried the good-natured Mr. Pickwick, his conscience experiencing a slight twinge of remorse for the beating he had bestowed upon Mr. Scuttle on a certain occasion.

"However—you know how absent I am!" continued Mr. Scuttle. "Indeed it was only yesterday morning that I was going to add fresh fuel to the fire in my study, and what do you think I did?"

"Let the fire go out, I suppose," said Mr. Pickwick with a smile at the supposed shrewdness of his guess.

"No such thing, my dear Sir," said Mr. Scuttle. "I put a chunk of wood, with my spectacles on it, in my easy-chair, and threw myself on the fire as a back log. Luckily there was no flame—or else I might have been burnt to death."

"Very true," coincided Mr. Pickwick. "Therefore, if you're so imprudent with regard to yourself, I beg you not to mind the inadvertency you have just committed relative to my *memoranda*."

"Well—that is kind of you," said Mr. Scuttle, resuming his seat. "I took the liberty of calling upon you—for you must know that I don't live here any longer; I took lodgings about eight or ten days ago—for the purpose of inviting you and your friends to a small party next Monday at my niece's residence in the Rue Taitbout—Chaussée d'Autin—if you be not better engaged." There was no allusion as yet to the memorable combat which had taken place in Mr. Pickwick's chamber, as detailed in a preceding chapter.

Mr. Tupman thought that the niece must be a young, and very probably a pretty woman: he therefore hastened to accept of the invitation on his own account, suggesting, at the same time, that he did not think friends would be otherwise occupied. To this bold assertion Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Winkle assented; and Mr. Scuttle was enchanted at the success of his mission; indeed, it appeared that he had quite forgotten the disagreeable adventure alluded to above.

"My niece is a widow, Mr. Pickwick," said Mr. Scuttle, while Mr. Tracy Tupman heaved a deep sigh: "her name is Weston—Mrs. Weston—and a very handsome person she is too, I flatter myself," continued Mr. Scuttle, to the unutterable delight of the late admirer of Mademoiselle Anastasie de Volage. "This is her card—I shall

leave it, in case you forget the address;"—and the card was accordingly entrusted to the secure keeping of the looking-glass frame forthwith.

"And now for *my* business," said Mr. Hook Walker, who had maintained a deep and evidently systematic silence during the progress of the interesting conversation ere now detailed; "and this is what it is. I believe, Mr. Pickwick," pursued Mr. Walker, turning leisurely round in his chair, so as to confront the gentleman whom he thus addressed in measured terms, "I believe that you are excessively fond of the National Airs of France, or of any thing connected with the Emperor Napoleon."

"I have a predilection that way," returned Mr. Pickwick with a smile.

"I know it," said Mr. Walker; "I know it. A man of your talent, Mr. Pickwick, must feel interested in these matters: it is a part of the system of every person of taste and education. And with those impressions I have ventured to procure a translation of one of De Berenger's most popular airs for your perusal. It was my intention to have invited you all to dine with me on Monday next—but—" and Mr. Walker hesitated as he glanced towards Mr. Scuttle.

"Oh! you are very kind, indeed," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick; "but as we cannot have the pleasure of dining with you on Monday, for reasons with which you are now acquainted, perhaps you and Mr. Scuttle would favour us with your company to-day?"

Mr. Scuttle, who, though an eccentric man, was neither a selfish one nor an adventurer, declined the invitation on the plea of prior engagements: but Mr. Hook Walker, whose economical and systematic arrangements it exactly suited, immediately declared his willingness to pass the day with Mr. Pickwick and his companions. Mr. Scuttle shortly rose and took his leave; and Mr. Hook Walker then produced the poem, for the gift of which he had succeeded in obtaining the only remuneration he required—viz. a dinner.

"Shall I read it to you now," enquired Mr. Walker, deliberately unfolding a small roll of papers, "or wait till the evening?"

"I should like very much to hear it at once, if you please," said Mr. Pickwick, not at all sorry to have acquired the reputation of a patron of the Muses in addition to his other distinguishing and numerous qualifications, some of which he had obtained at an equally cheap rate, like many of the men in power at the present day.

"It is translated by the same young friend who gave me the *Marseillaise*," said Mr. Walker. "He is a clever fellow in his way—and as he is not over rich, Mr. Pickwick, it is a part of my system to patronise him to the utmost of my power."

So, indeed, it was, for Mr. Walker did not fail to breakfast every other morning, and dine twice a week, with the poetic object of his kind solicitude; and in addition to these marks of favour and friendship, he not unfrequently borrowed a few francs by way of strengthening the disinterested ties that rendered them almost a second Pythias and Damon.

Mr. Walker, perceiving that his audience was anxiously awaiting the commencement of the air, cleared his throat in the most approved style usually adopted by orators on the public hustings at elections in

England, and read in a solemn tone the following translation of De Berenger's admired production.

THE REMINISCENCES OF THE PEOPLE.

FRANCE shall sing Napoleon's glory
In the humble cot for ever ;—
Fifty summers hence she'll never
Listen to a stranger's story.
At eve shall meet each village swain,
To hear some aged crone recite
The deeds of other days again,
And thus to wile away the night.
" Well," they say, " the nation's heart
Constant clings to Bonaparte ;
Him we adore !
Mother, speak of him once more,—
Oh ! speak once more !"

" —It was in my youthful day—
Many since that one have flown—
That the great Napoleon
Pass'd the cot in grand array.
I laboured hard to climb the hill,
For I was drest in garments gay ;—
Methinks I see his cock'd hat still,
And riding coat of homely gray.
When he came, I shook with fear ;
But he said, ' Good day, my dear !'
So kindly too !"

" —Mother, then he notic'd you—
He notic'd you !"

" —Scarce a year had pass'd away,
When I saw his princely train,
And Napoleon once again :—
To the church he went that day.
And they were blythe and happy all,
Thro' crowds admiring moving on ;
While thousands cried, ' May blessings fall
From heav'n on Gallia's fav'rite son !'
Sweet the royal champion smil'd,
For he thought upon his child,
The infant dear !"

" —Mother, 'twas a glorious year,
A glorious year !"

" —Then, when battle rag'd around,
When oppress'd by foreign foes,
Braving danger, he arose—
He to succour France was found !
One night—I never shall forget—
A knocking led me to the door ;
Great God ! mine eyes Napoleon's met,
Follow'd by gorgeous trains no more.
In the chair where I am seated,
Sate the Hero, and repeated

Words of despair !”

“—Mother, what ! is that the chair—
Indeed the chair ?”

“—He by hunger was oppress ;—
Sorry food could I provide ;
Then his dripping clothes he dried,
And obtain'd a partial rest.
At length awaking from his dreams,
He mark'd the tears of sorrow fall :
'Be calm,' he cried, 'for fortune beams
As yet upon the land of Gaul !'
Here's the goblet whence his lip
Deign'd my humble wine to sip,
Forgotten never !”

“—Mother, you will keep it ever—
Will keep it ever !”

“—Yes ! Behold—regard it well !
He, whose head a Pope had blest,
By his foemen was oppress—
In a distant isle he fell !
France, tir'd of hope, believ'd at last
He ne'er could come her rights to save ;
And now the ocean must be pass'd
By those who wish to mark his grave.
When the tidings met my ears,
Frequent were my bitter tears
My grief to tell !”

“—Mother, Heaven keep thee well—
God keep thee well !”

Mr. Walker placed his manuscript upon the table without comment, and Mr. Pickwick wiped away a tear. The simplicity of this brief sketch of the life of the greatest man that ever lived—the chorus of the enthusiastic peasants at the conclusion of each stanza—and the pious veneration for the memory of the mighty conqueror that is everywhere apparent in the “aged crone's” narrative, were affecting in the extreme. There is no national air in the sphere of English literature that can compete with, or even approach the “*Reminiscences of the People*,”* by De Berenger.

In the course of the afternoon, Mr. Walker recollected that he had a visit to pay in the immediate neighbourhood of the hotel, and accordingly withdrew for an hour or so to accomplish that purpose. Mr. Pickwick and his friends seized the welcome opportunity thus afforded them for writing their several letters to England ; and while he was thus employed, Mr. Tupman more than once reflected within himself upon the probability of Mr. Hook Walker's return to dinner. But when all the clocks in Paris began to inform the inhabitants of that gay city that it was precisely six p. m., Mr. Hook Walker and the dinner made their appearance simultaneously.

“We propose going to the opera this evening, if it's agreeable to you,” said Mr. Pickwick, addressing himself to Mr. Walker and to the wing of a boiled fowl at the same time.

* *Les Souvenirs du Peuple.*

"Decidedly," exclaimed that gentleman, as he raised a glass of claret to his lips and imbibed the contents: "I shall have much pleasure in accompanying you. It is a most remarkable *item* in the component parts of my system to visit the theatres as often as possible."

"Is the opera far from here?" enquired Mr. Tupman, already enchanted with the idea of gazing upon the fair countenances and bewitching forms of the Parisian ladies.

"Oh! no," returned Mr. Walker, "Rue Lepelletier—not a quarter of an hour's drive from the hotel."

"And do you go drest?" asked Mr. Tupman, thinking of his kerseymeré tights and dress coat lined with white silk.

"Just as you are—it is only the actresses that are half naked," answered Mr. Hook Walker.

"And are the operas themselves very splendid?" enquired Mr. Winkle, by way of saying something, for he wisely thought silence to be the very representative of stupidity.

"So splendid," said Mr. Walker, "that it very often costs the manager upwards of five or six thousand pounds to bring out one opera, without taking into consideration the after expenses to be incurred; for, according to the French laws, the author and composer receive twenty pounds a night between them for each time that their piece is represented at the Royal Academy of Music."

"They are well paid, then, I should think," suggested Mr. Pickwick, who had just been wondering whether there were any murders and robberies in the French operas.

"You may say that," exclaimed Mr. Walker with a smile, "if you like. For *Robert le Diable*, Meyerbeer received from the director of the Opera-house no less than fifteen hundred and eighty pounds sterling for having composed the music; and Scribe, the author of the poem, was paid a similar sum. They then both sold their copyrights to their publishers, and were again largely remunerated; and every time the opera is performed in any theatre in France, they receive ten pounds each. This is indeed a lucrative system."

Mr. Tupman thought that it was certainly a little better than Mr. Walker's; but he did not embody his opinions in words. Mr. Pickwick sought for farther information relative to the French stage; and as Mr. Walker was fully capable of giving it, the note-book received many considerable additions in the shape of *memoranda* on the following morning.

"I wonder how the director or manager of the opera can make it answer," said Mr. Pickwick, "if he's obliged to pay so dearly for his actors and actresses as well as for his authors."

"Nor more he could," explained Mr. Walker. "But as the Royal Academy of Music is a sort of national institution—more or less—the government allows the lessee a million of francs—or forty thousand pounds—*per annum*, for the support of the house."*

"God bless me!" said Mr. Pickwick, pouring out a bumper in the excitement caused by this information, and swallowing both at about the same period.

The dinner and the time had passed away so agreeably during the above conversation, that scarcely had the dessert and champagne made

* Facts.

their appearance when it was deemed prudent to get ready for departure. The waiter was accordingly desired to tell Mr. Weller to fetch a coach forthwith; and in ten minutes the last-named gentleman returned with the pleasing information that "number von thousand and von vos a-vaitin'."

"That's right," said Mr. Pickwick, leaping gaily from his chair, and hastening to possess himself of his hat. But when he proceeded to investigate the place where he had left it, he found that his own was gone, and that a most grotesque looking substitute had been left instead. "What can this mean?" thought Mr. Pickwick within himself; and he scrutinized the strange beaver with a look of the most unmitigated disgust. It was a tall, narrow-brimmed, conical-shaped hat, and bore a very strong resemblance to an inverted flower-pot.

"Vot's the matter now, Sir?" enquired Mr. Weller, suspecting that there was something wrong, and deeming it prudent to interfere.

"This is not my hat, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, peevishly.

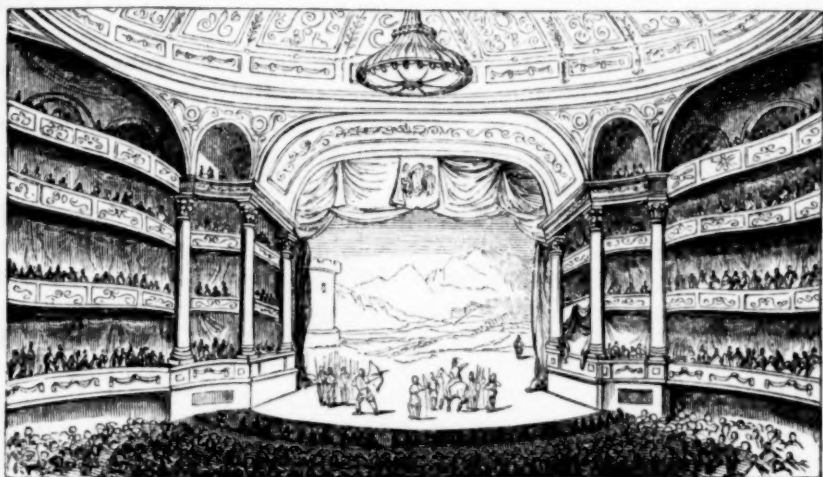
"Ain't it raly, though?" cried Mr. Weller. "No more it ain't. Vell—if ever I see such a rig in all my life, I'm blow'd. But arter all, that there thatch is a new von; and here's somethin' written in it too, as the young lady observed ven the post-man give her the Valentine."

Mr. Weller had taken the hat in his hands during the progress of his critical remarks; and now holding it up to the light, he saw printed on the lining thereof, in tolerably long letters, the words—"JEREMIAH SCUTTLE." Thus was the mystery at once unravelled; and as Mr. Pickwick had now lost the only two hats he had brought from England with him—one in a ditch, and the other on Mr. Scuttle's head—and that which he had purchased at Boulogne being of a more *outré* shape than even the one his domestic now held in his hand, he was obliged to yield to necessity and adorn his *cranium* with Mr. Scuttle's property for the present. The circumstance was the origin of a considerable quantity of laughter, particularly on the part of Mr. Weller, who, in the height of facetiousness, was pleased to liken his illustrious master to a "moveable stack of chimbleys, vith von chimbly-pot on the top." To the opera, however, did Mr. Pickwick proceed, in the company of Mr. Hook Walker, Mr. Tracy Tupman, and Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

Nothing can exceed the astonishment, the admiration and delight of our three travellers—for Mr. Walker was already familiar with the scene—when the splendour of the Opera-house burst upon them as they burst into it. The boxes were filled with fashionable and many lovely persons—plumes waved—bright eyes met the glance in all directions—and the component parts of the whole appeared to be magnificence, light, and beauty.

Thanks to the good management of Mr. Walker, the four gentlemen were speedily accommodated with as many convenient seats in one of the boxes precisely fronting the stage; and when the screen—for in France the shabby green curtain is universally eschewed—was drawn up, the raptures of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and Mr. Winkle knew no bounds. The opera was *William Tell*: the charms of the

actresses were set off to advantage by the Swiss costume they wore ; and the scenery inimitably represented the stupendous mountains, the



laughing valleys, the bright cascades, the cottages and the meadows which form the varied attractions of the land whose darling hero's exploits were then being represented in miniature, but with truth. At some periods during the development of the piece, there were not less than two hundred individuals upon the stage. The apple was duly shot from the head of the boy by the principal actor in the performance ; and enthusiastic was the applause that followed this exhibition of skill and unerring aim. Beautiful were the voices of the actresses as they mixed with the harmony created by a hundred and fifty musicians in the orchestra ; and graceful was the dance in which the Swiss peasant girls joined at certain intervals. At length the piece was terminated, and then began that splendid exhibition of moveable scenery for which the Royal Academy of Music is so justly celebrated. A perfect panorama of Switzerland was thus displayed to the audience, till the eye became sated with the contemplation of such gorgeous landscapes.

"It was about half-past eleven o'clock when our little party emanated from the doors of the Royal Opera, well pleased with the entertainment they had witnessed. At such an advanced hour the theatres in Paris are generally closed, or actually about to break up ; it was therefore ridiculous to attempt to obtain admittance to any one of them. Mr. Walker's ingenuity, however, speedily found a substitute for that enjoyment in proposing a small supper at the Café Anglais—a hint that was immediately adopted by the three gentlemen to whom it was addressed. To the Café Anglais did they accordingly repair ; and in a few minutes a dish of oysters—a lobster—a broiled fowl—and an *omelette aux fines herbes* were ready for their discussion in a *cabinet particulier*, or private sitting-room, under the sagacious auspices of Mr. Walker himself.

"I have scarcely ever been so much amused at a theatre in the whole course of my life," said Mr. Winkle, extricating his forefinger

from between the pincers formed by the extremities of the claw of the lobster.

"Nor I," said Mr. Tupman, swallowing an oyster, and looking very sentimental thereupon. "What lovely figures the French ladies have!"

"To be sure they have," exclaimed Mr. Walker. "But it is a part of their system to dress well; and art assists nature, you know."

"Certainly!" assented Mr. Tupman, whose waist was not however improved by the extreme tightness of his waistcoat.

"And the young Frenchmen themselves," said Mr. Pickwick, "are all bows and smiles. Who could imagine, for one moment, that their prototypes were the heroes of those sanguinary deeds committed in times when the *guillotine* seldom desisted from its labour?" added the learned man, flourishing the leg of a fowl around his head in the excitement of his feelings, to the imminent peril and alarm of Mr. Winkle, who gazed at his leader in speechless astonishment.

"You allude to the first revolution," said Mr. Walker, always ready to display his erudition or amuse his companions, from the very simple motive of obtaining renewed invitations to dinner, supper, &c.; "and even in those stormy times may you find instances of forbearance and kindness on the parts of those whose enormities we cannot contemplate otherwise than with horror. It is a part of my system to cherish the recollection of good actions."

"I am not very conversant with French history," said Mr. Pickwick, who had now disposed of the leg of the fowl to the inexpressible delight of Mr. Winkle; "but I certainly should feel glad to be reminded of any bright ray that gilds an horizon so dark and gloomy."

Messieurs Tupman and Winkle gazed upon their companion in travel with feelings of veneration and awe, as he uttered this sublime idea; and Mr. Walker remained silent for a moment, apparently absorbed in thought.

"What!" at length exclaimed that gentleman, awakening from his reverie; "do you not recollect the affecting tale connected with the terrible Public Accuser, Fouquier Tinville—that friend to murder—to oppression—to cruelty? Do you not call to mind his forbearance on one particular occasion?"

Mr. Pickwick declared that he did not; and Mr. Walker, having duly solicited and obtained the consent of the three gentlemen to prolong the evening's entertainment for another half-hour, related a true and deeply interesting tale, the substance of which will be found in the next chapter.

(To be continued in our next.)

TABLEAUX FROM SPORTING LIFE,

BY CRAVEN.

SKETCH THE SECOND.—NEWMARKET.

(Concluded from p. 266.)

IN one of Lord Bolingbroke's letters to Swift, there is a passage to this effect: "In comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, whilst some scrub rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman; so, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious." This reads somewhat strangely from the pen of the metaphysical St. John, nevertheless is it a philosophy which, professed in moderation, best enables us to win our way through the parts of that wayward drama, wherein all are "merely players." Experience gives wisdom, and hence we may trace the austerity of a former age softening into gloom in its successor, and, by degrees, growing "beautifully less" up to the present generation, in which, Momus make us thankful, it is no longer essential that we be "melancholy and gentlemanlike." Avowing myself a disciple of the cheerful school of social philosophy, I fear that, in the last division of this paper, I may have laid me open to the charge of backsliding. To such as regard the colours as too sombre for the purpose of these sketches, I appeal in the phrase quoted by Scott, when he felt it necessary to deprecate "my public" for similar offending—"If at any time I seem more than usually dull, *be sure that I have a design in it.*"

The scene of my present sketch, although one whereupon the leading events of sporting, during the last two centuries, have been enacted, has been doomed to annals as fugitive as the matter of them. Men are eloquent of the former glories of the Turf, and mourn its degeneracy; but ask them of the olden renown, and how unprofitable do you find the instances adduced—question them of the conventional degeneracy, and how is it established? It is opposed to all rule to conceive that any such decay has been effected. While every department of our social economy exhibits a constant progress towards perfection, are we to suppose that the great popular sport has been suffered to stand still or retrograde? Leaving all hearsay out of consideration, or rather attaching just such value to it as we have ordinarily found it entitled to, let us take a brief retrospect of the Turf during a period within the compass of general experience. I think I shall have little difficulty in showing that in that space it has much improved, as well as that much still remains to be done. To this end I will start with an event which just comes within the limit of my personal knowledge, and is of sufficient importance to form an era in the history of our Racing.

In the Craven Meeting, 1811, three horses belonging to Lord Foley, and one to Sir Frank Standish, were poisoned at the troughs at which they were watered, upon the heath, after their morning's gallop. The perpetrators of this monstrous piece of villany were two scoundrels of the names of Dawson and Bishop, the former of whom was hanged,

APRIL, 1838.

2 B

and the latter pardoned on turning evidence for the crown. Dawson was a *tout*, a character which I have already explained; and Bishop a degraded outcast, who had once held a commission in the army. The first was the great conspirator, and the other but his miserable tool. From some irregularity in the indictment, Dawson was acquitted upon the charge of having poisoned the horses in the Craven Meeting, but convicted of a former poisoning at the same place in July, 1809, for which he suffered. From the evidence adduced on his trial, it was manifest that for years he had been engaged in making horses *safe* for many of the great betting races in various parts of the country, as well as at Newmarket. Equally clear was it that he could not have been more than an agent in his nefarious calling, because personally he was not in a condition to benefit by the effects of his crimes. As no one would bet a guinea with him, it could not be supposed that he had a direct interest in any of the events in which he confessed that he was engaged during a poisoning career, extending, as he said, from the physicing of Rubens at Brighton, to the Newmarket job in 1811. This was all well known at the time, and I merely notice it to refresh the memory of my reader, not to instruct him in a matter of which I believe him uninformed. The malefactor paid the penalty he so richly deserved; and what followed? It was not disguised that he not only acknowledged his guilt, but that he had made a full confession of the names of the parties by whom he was employed—four wealthy well-known characters at that day upon the Turf—some of them still to be seen in every Ring in the kingdom. Why was that confession never made public? It was no secret who was the person to whom it had been entrusted; surely such a confidence would have been “more honoured in the breach than the observance.”

By the destruction of his horses in 1811, Lord Foley was a loser to the amount of 40,000*l.*, having backed them heavily in numerous P. P. engagements. This last sum was sacrificed to what are termed debts of honour. What a monstrous thing to suppose it possible for honourable men to reconcile it with any principle of conscience or honesty to claim or accept money made available under such circumstances! Utterly opposed as it is to the interests of the legitimate purposes of the Turf, and offering a premium to injure its true patrons, the owners of race-horses, still is it the system of play or pay that continues to regulate almost all our influential races. The fact is, blink it as we may, from first to last racing has ever been more generally adopted as a medium for high play, than as either the instrument of national service or individual amusement. And how works the P. P. principle at the present hour? * The only feature that distinguishes its operation from that exhibited in 1811 is, that it is more skilfully conducted. That which Dawson, in his ignorance, brought about by death, modern science achieves by *hocus*. I have given examples of the most glaring recent instances in Bessy Bedlam's and Plenipo's cases. Not a season passes without attempts to secure the favourites for the great provincial stakes. The year before last a

* At Newmarket all double bets are considered as P. P., but at Tattersall's every engagement made is so regarded, unless a stipulation to the contrary be agreed upon at the time.

noble lord, distinguished for his heavy speculations on the Turf, passed the night preceding the race in the stable with a horse that he backed for a large figure for the Derby.

I fear to dwell too much upon this point, but it is one of such paramount interest to all connected with racing, and must be so entire a novelty to the uninitiated in Turf arcana, that I venture to pursue my notice of it yet a little further. The annual amount turned upon our Turf exceeds the revenue of many of the continental states. The parties concerned in this treasure consist of two-thirds who deposit the capital, and one-third that contributes nothing, but must obtain a large dividend to support heavy expenses and stylish establishments. Merely for sake of the argument, let us assume that there are now one hundred men who make racing their profession. Look at their origin, and you find that they were either servants or in still less reputable positions when they commenced as regular professionals. These persons, from a capital of nothing, at the least divide among them one hundred thousand a year! Now here is a large sum that *must* be gained, and *is* realized: under what circumstances of such marked favour as to award the constant assurance of profitable speculation?

The losers, let it be borne in mind, are the owners of race-horses; the winners, the Legs, one-half of whom do not possess a saddle or bridle. It must be manifest that the chances of the game are more easily calculated by those who hold the cards, than by such as merely look on as they are dealt. Neither in talent nor astuteness is the Leg superior to the party opposed to him with the odds all in its favour. A set of uneducated men, whose experience of horses probably commences late in life, have for their antagonists those who, to the advantages of cultivated minds, add a practical knowledge of all appertaining to the Course derived from their earliest youth. The owner of the race-horse has his trials to direct his operations in the Ring; he knows what his horse can or cannot do—and, it must be admitted, however reluctantly, he knows what he is intended to attempt, and what to leave altogether unessayed. Without one solitary item to aid or guide his judgment, the mere betting man arrays himself against a party so circumstanced in a contest that, so far as relates to him, must be decisive. He has nothing to retreat upon: once beaten, and without the means of meeting his engagements, his occupation's gone. The pistol (as how many a ghastly instance has proved) is then all that remains to him. "You take his life, when you do take the means whereby he lives."

With the danger thus imminent, grew the necessity of securing the antidote; the lion was soon in possession of his provider—the *tout* became the Leg's jackall. As the metropolis organizes the bands of accomplished thieves by whom the principal plunder in the provinces is effected, so has Newmarket, I am convinced, furnished the instruments for all the most daring Turf-robberies. The knowledge, the tact, the means necessary to be combined, when a horse is to be made "safe," centre alone in the old experienced Newmarket *tout*—and he is the sole agent that could be employed in such an office without compromising the principal. Ostensibly his business is to provide such information as may enable him to advise how money may be invested in bets to the best advantage. We will suppose him offering

such counsel to a Leg. "Will Plenipo win the Leger," asks the bettor,—“they're all as sweet upon him as if it was over?” “A race is never won till a jockey passes the post first, and comes weight out of the scales, master,” replies the person interrogated. “I should like to lay out a trifle on the field, what's your notion?” “A faint heart is sure to lose; turn up what may, you can't win unless you try.” “Well, I'll do it; mind it's all upon your advice, for you know more than you choose to let out.” The last public day at Tattersall's previous to the Doncaster Meeting, arrives, and the *tout* touches his hat to the Leg, who leans in deep study against one of the pillars of the ride. “How's the betting to-day, master?” “Oh! they're backing the chesnut to win at any price they can get; he's as safe, they say, as if the field was boiled; if he does, I'm in for it, for I've put the pot on as full as it will hold against him.” “It ain't done yet, master: I see Otterington win with 100 to 1 against him, two lame uns, Theodore and Phosphorus, win Leger and Derby; perhaps they are out this time, wise as they are.” “Well, well, I back'd the field, relying upon your judgment, and if it comes right, I'll stand a hundred for the wrinkle.” Here, without committing himself, the Leg is enabled to offer a premium for insurance against a risk, and the *tout* is put in the only way available of turning a per-centage adequate to the trouble and precarious character of his trial. So much for illustration, and, for the inference, does any one connected with the Turf believe that the Leg is a man of principle and honour, or the *tout* one who obtains his livelihood by fair and reputable means? I ask, is there a member of the sporting world who is not as convinced as of his own existence, that both are unmitigated rascals, living and thriving by worse courses than have thrust less cautious knaves into the cells of Newgate? This is the poison that pollutes the Turf to its core; and that, so long as it is permitted to circulate its corruption, will make abortive every effort to organize for it a healthful system.

Having broached the doctrine, that gentlemen who adopt the Turf as a pursuit, are, in all the legitimate purposes of racing, more than matches for the men who take it up as a gambling speculation, it is but fair that I give a few examples in support of my theory. I will select from the most respectable of those who were known as large speculators in the Ring, and who, subsequently, became masters of race-horses under circumstances of peculiar promise. Robert Ridsdale, from an humble beginning, succeeded in amassing a fortune which enabled him to form one of the most extensive and perfect Racing establishments in Europe. Murton Stud Farm, surrounded by its picturesque and thriving village, nearly the whole of which was his property, was of his erection, and owed its origin to his winnings in the Ring. For years after he commenced a regular Turfite, that is to say, both racing and breeding for the Turf, his success was far more than average. In 1832 he won the Derby with St. Giles, netting a good 30,000*l*. On that race he is said to have received from the Marquis of Exeter the largest sum ever paid upon a single bet lost upon one race. Still all was of no avail. As one of his nearest connexions said to me at the time, “Bob cannot stand it long, with any run of luck; his stakes and forfeits alone amount to a large annual fortune.” This is the error all who take up racing as a profession fall into. They

never calculate that when a horse is not winning he is losing, and that even his death does not pay his liabilities. Many of Ridsdale's stock were heavily engaged up to four years old. The proprietor of the Murton Stud, who had won for himself a splendid independence, sacrificed it all to the mistake which regarded it as the means and not the end. After a short career upon the Turf, with such appliances as the advice and assistance of the Scotts, in 1836 he failed, and all was brought to the hammer. At the time of his failure his stud contained upwards of sixty lots of various ages, and combined all the best blood in England.

John Gully, from less than nothing, became indebted to the Ring* for an estate purchased at a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and a seat in the legislature. This was accomplished by acting as a commission agent for laying out money upon the great stakes in the market, receiving a per-centage for the sources of information supposed to be exclusively open to him. He also speculated on his own account, and it was believed with great success. He then kept race-horses, and became a partner of Robert Ridsdale's. Singularly enough he won the Doncaster St. Leger, with Margrave, the same year that his partner won the Derby with St. Giles. This latter event broke up their confederacy and friendship together; indeed, broke the head of Ridsdale into the bargain, for there arose a dudgeon out of it, that caused Gully to horsewhip his "ancient ally" in a fox-hunting field. It's too long a story to go into here, the origin of that fracas, but whether it could bear investigation or not, it served neither party. Gully has now abandoned both the race-course and St. Stephen's to pass the remainder of his pilgrimage quietly beneath his vines and fig-trees. His career as a master of race-horses, though not so disastrous as that of his confederate, at one time had a very ominous appearance. He had just resolution enough to declare off before it was too late.

The names of two of Fortune's favourites appear in the calendar as owners of racers, Crockford and Ephraim Bond, but with this difference, that the establishment of the former bears about as much resemblance to that of the latter, as the agricultural pursuits of the cultivator of a pot of mignonette do to his, who holds a thousand acres of tillage in his own hands. He who left the common track of the scaly to become a fisher of men, knows a trick more profitable than horse-coursing. Bond too, I hear, has taken fright, and intends exchanging the turf for the sod. I merely heard the report a few days ago, and, though I do not answer for the correctness of it, the method of the communication deserves repeating. As I emerged from the archway at Tattersall's my arm was taken by a gallant North Briton well known in sporting circles, and remarkable for the extraordinary vehemence of tone with which he delivers himself upon all occasions. "They say," begun my companion, in such a voice as one standing upon London Bridge might use to address another on the top of the Monument, "they tell me Ephraim Bond is going to part with his horses and take to game cocks: *by G—, isn't it a poultry change?*"

Among the list of those ruined by keeping horses, and who once

* I mean the betting ring; the P. R., however, certainly gave him his first lift.

lived in opulence through the studs of others, I have in another place named William Chifney. The present position of his brother, the celebrated jockey, I cannot allow to pass without notice, not only in the sincere wish that such may serve him individually as well as a large class interested in a legislative question now before the highest tribunal in the land. Heedless of the warning that the fate of so many old associates presented to him, Samuel Chifney became mixed up with horses; embarrassment followed as matter of course, and finally ruin succeeded. In the prime of life and the meridian of fame, one of the most accomplished riders on the Turf, his misfortune, though sad enough, was far from irretrievable. As a jockey he could command from one to two thousand a year, and with patience and industry he might fairly count upon discharging all his obligations, and laying by a fund for his old age. Is such the case? far from it. The law that gives the creditor a property in the body of his debtor, that Draconian statute which, in the words of Lord Eldon, is "a license to act in a manner more injurious and inhuman than ever was done towards slaves," left him only to choose between beggary and a prison. How is it to be reconciled with reason, that while we call ourselves emphatically *the free*—denizens of a soil that, once touched by the foot of the slave, he becomes for ever restored to liberty—whence could have arisen the monstrous anomaly, that in such a land a few "rascal counters" bestowed upon one citizen the right of casting another into a dungeon? That such a reign of terror is now in its latest hour the cry of outraged humanity assures us; that its blot will long sully the annals of our national character is equally certain—may it at least work one good end, and serve the cause of humanity and justice in all future time.

Although the manner of the racing at Newmarket is quite perfection, there is in the matter of its scope for a good deal of improvement—actual need for much change. Foremost of the abuses that have by degrees grown into serious evils, is the practice of running horses in the names of trainers and servants. I do not mean to say it is a thing that, under no circumstances, should ever be allowed, but I do insist that, save for cogent reasons to be communicated, at the time of nomination, to the Stewards, a positive prohibition of it ought, forthwith to be made one of the rules and orders of the Jockey Club. That there are instances of horses having been so named by men of unimpeachable honour there cannot be a doubt; but then pressing and peculiar causes not only should exist, but should be assigned for it. For example, Lord Albemarle, until the end of the last season, ran his horses in the name of his trainer, Mr. William Edwards; but the reason for his having done so admitted of no objection or doubt. His late Majesty was opposed to the name of his Master of the Horse appearing publicly among those of professed members of the Turf. For many years the sporting Carnarvonshire parson, Mr. Nanney, never appeared as the owner of race-horses, though more extensively engaged upon the Turf than any man in the principality of Wales; all his nominations were made in the name of his brother, Sir William Wynne. A cogent cause, if not a reason, in shape of a good church preferment, existed in his case. Perhaps even that came in a questionable shape—but a court of honour is not expected to travel out of its ju-

risdiction into the code theological. Latterly, however, some cases of this description have excited strong notice and animadversion. In a New York paper* I lately read a paragraph imputing an anonymous nomination (this is *sporting* English), for some time familiar to our calendars, to a confederacy of a very ambiguous character. I allude to it merely to show the universality of a report which in this country has attracted notice every where except in the quarter that would seem the most likely to be cognizant of it. I have ever lifted up my voice against the practice;—I trust we shall hear no more on't.

From the turfite whose candle is under a bushel, the transition is natural enough to such as mark their course with argand burners. First, not only in the magnitude of his establishment, but in a positive enthusiasm for the sport, stands the Earl of Chesterfield. It would put life into a frozen stock-fish to see him at the moment one of his horses is winning a well-contested race. I was near him at Goodwood in 1836 when Hornsea beat Elis and a large field for the Cup, and I shall never forget his rapture. "To think I should win it!" was the ejaculation that his very soul seemed to whisper. I hardly know whom to place next—stay—the master of the Pytchley? Yes! George Payne is next on the list of the "Vivids." For the last half-dozen years this gentleman has kept but few horses, but his zest for racing has by no means been reduced with his stud. Hardly has the Ring formed for traffic on any of the influential races, than you find him in the midst of the turmoil "*totus in illo*"—anon, he slips away from the circle, and in speed he turns his "bonny black" towards the saddling stables. There a brief but searching glance at the lot about to go fixes his resolve; again the fiery nostrils of his coal-black steed inhale the homeward breeze; with spur and eye he devours the space that separates him from "the money-changers." Arrived, not an instant is lost—the odds are taken or laid—the race is started—run. He loses, for Fortune threw crabs at his birth, and once more he enacts the same losing game with a buoyancy of spirit and a singleness of heart that leave him nothing to regret, since they place him beyond the malice of fate. The late Sir Mark Wood was strongly affected by the running of his horses, but his emotion was not shown in fervent gesture. He was sitting on his powerful grey hackney just at the entrance of the cords when the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes were being run for in 1834. I had also taken up the same position. Upon this occasion one of the most promising colts of the year was in his stud, and engaged in this stake (the colt by Muley out of Clare, afterwards called Flatterer). As the lot approached, I saw the baronet turn pale and red alternately. The nearer they came, the more striking became his emotion; and, as they flew past him, I prepared to see him swoon. At that instant I heard him thus soliloquising:—"I can't help it; it's all nonsense; I know it, but I *can't* help it. A great fellow like me to shake and shiver in this way, like a miss in her teens,—oh! it's monstrous! But what can I do?—I can't conquer it. As I've a soul to be saved, *I cannot help it.*"

* The paper I allude to is the "New York Spirit of the Times," and a very spirited specimen it is of Transatlantic journalism. I am its Editor's debtor for some "handsome articles;" but when he talks of my "rather alarming affair" with the owner of Mango he moves my mirth. Let him wait a little, and the great teacher, Time, will show him what party is in the pickle.

While human nature remains as it is ; so long as excitement to a certain division of society is a necessary of life ; so long will the Turf endure as a popular sport in this country. To that it owes its present existence, whatever might have been its origin. To suppose that it is supported for the purpose of serving the breed of our horses, is as rational as to imagine the patrons of it drink their Claret solely with a view to aid the national exchequer. Do I therefore hold its uses lightly ? Far otherwise. As a social re-union it occupies the most distinguished place of all our rural sports. It is one in which all classes may participate ; and though at Newmarket things are necessarily somewhat exclusive, like the veil of the Persian prophet, that which is unknown invests with a double interest all that is revealed. That it was my case I well remember. The first race of any consequence I saw, was the Derby of 1811,—Phantom's year. As we were coming off the course, Sir John Shelley passed, and one of our party exclaimed, " There goes Sir John, and a good morning's work he has made of it ; he has got nine thousand guineas in his carriage, that he picked up on the downs since luncheon." The impression which this made upon my unsophistication was amazing. The Turf became my *El Dorado* ; and when, in the subsequent year, my *governor* announced his intention of taking me to Newmarket, I was absolutely awe-struck. I don't know what I expected to see—Centaur's or Pegasi ; but certainly something a little removed from the common run of zoology. On our way south something deserving repetition in the present year of grace occurred that shall have a paragraph to itself.

As we drew up at the door of the Swan at Lichfield (to the best of my recollection) it was evident that the vicinity was visited by a remarkable sensation. The street was filled with important and eager-looking faces ; every window of the hotel and neighbouring houses was occupied ; clearly an event was on the tapis. Within the archway, which constituted the principal entrance, stood four posters, by no means every-day drudges, ready mounted, waited upon by half a score ostlers, " all in their best." Our arrival, instead of the usual effect produced by such an occurrence at a provincial inn, only begat a hurried request that we would draw out of the way. What all this portended was speedily unravelled. A mighty " sound of coaches," followed by cries of " Here he is," ushered up to the hotel door a chariot drawn by four smoking steeds, and containing a " stout gentleman" in a foraging cap and a *fluster*. Such a rush as then took place to release the comers and to yoke the goers ; and then, as Scott sings, there was " mounting and riding"—and vanish the cavalcade. When breath was allowed for inquiry, we learned the cause of this " effect effective." The Marquis of Sligo bound from London to Holyhead, on a mission of gold and glory, was the chief performer in this stirring scene. For a wager of *one thousand guineas* that nobleman had undertaken to pass between those two places in a space of—how much think ye, by Shrewsbury clock ?—thirty-five hours, *being rather under eight miles* per hour, stoppages included. Twenty years later, and the duke of Devonshire's posting average, over the London moiety of the same ground, was fourteen miles the hour, " or no custom."

My first experience of Newmarket, if not equal to my anticipations,

was one of rare promise. Then were some of the "lights of other days" dazzling the heath with their effulgence—the Mellishes, Foleys, Bunburys, Chifneys, Goodissons, and Buckles. I remember being told of the sporting baronet, that he never permitted the use of the whip in riding his horses; "spur if it be a close thing just in the last few strides, but never by any chance flog your horse; it is sure to make him shorten his stride, if not shut up altogether;" such were invariably his orders to a new hand. His doctrine is not held as gospel now-a-days, though I believe punishment is much less common on the Turf than it was. A cut of the whip won the last Doncaster St. Leger—and, sad am I to write it, cold is the hand that achieved that most accomplished victory.* It is a part of the present system of all who write upon the Turf, to deplore the falling off in our racing during the present century, and to get up a Jeremiad when they "remember the days of old." I can bring before me the Craven Meeting of 1812, as well as if it had only terminated yesterday, and in the quality and quantity of sport it can bear no comparison with its recent anniversaries. If the value of the stakes be any criterion, it was infinitely their inferior. I say "if," because I much doubt whether we are justified in coming to any conclusion from such premises. Should we adopt the amount of money run for as the scale by which the condition of the Turf is to be estimated, I fear me Jonathan would be entitled to a place that his brethren in "the old country" would hardly feel disposed to accord to him.

Having alluded to the American Turf, I cannot part with the subject without enlarging a little upon it, because it is one of which almost nothing is known in this country, and also that it possesses points of interest worthy a foreground place in a sketch of this nature. In the New World the Turf is the sporting cynosure, being in fact the only national field sport common to it. Hunting is hardly more than a name—taste does not appear to lean that way; coursing is not followed as with us, "a type of glorious racing;" and, probably because it is open to all, shooting is without its Ross, Sutton, or Hawker. But on the Course they redeem themselves, and have a handsome sporting balance left. In the present spring comes off, over the Long Island track, a Sweepstakes of *forty-four thousand dollars!* and at Washington a match for *ten thousand dollars aside!* In November last was run over the Union Course a race of four mile heats, three-year-olds carrying 7st., and so on up to six-year-olds 9st. 7lb. each.† For this there were three heats, the time being as follows:—First heat, 7 min. 44 sec. Second, 7 min. 43½ sec. Third, 7 min. 56½ sec. We may search our racing annals for some time before we match these doings—it is to be trusted the stop-watches were not of Kentucky manufacture. A Yankee anecdote to wind up my tale. I happened to be in Liverpool when Tom Thumb arrived. All the world wanted

* Samuel Day, Junior, who won last year's Leger on Mango, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting, a few days before this well-deserved notice of him was written. He was among the first class of public jockeys of his age and standing upon the Turf.

† I may be wrong in this calculation, which is according to our system of eight stone to the hundredweight—under any circumstances the performance is a wonderful one—indeed, miraculous is a better term for it.

to see the trotter, and of course I was no exception. Crossing Williamson Square I was accosted by a sporting Boniface, Galway, who at that time kept the York. Pointing to the door of his hotel he said, "If you desire to see Tom Thumb, now's your chance, for there stands his owner, Mr. Jackson, who tells me he is going down to the stable." My request was made, and at once acceded. "Tom," said Jackson, "is at the racing stables at Aintree (some five miles from Liverpool), shall I drive you over in my buggy?" I declined the offer, saying I had a hack, and would canter on before him. At the end of the stones, Jackson, accompanied by a sixteen-stone man, overtook me in a sad rattle-trap, drawn by a little brown gelding in miserable condition, which he drove with reins made of list. Instead of keeping to the high road, I proposed that we should take the lanes, which skirted the shore, for the sake of the shade they afforded and the sward at the side. These lanes, leading towards Crosby, are just the places for a bit of quick work, whether in saddle or harness. Along them we slipp'd at a merry pace—the American told good stories, and I was just in the vein for the affair in hand. The hack I rode was a little mare known upon the northern Turf, Melody, by Magistrate or Filho, I think, just out of training—a road-flyer, though an indifferent racer. The necessity of attending to what was said at first prevented my observing that our speed had greatly increased. At length there was no overlooking it—the mare I rode was laid down to it, and letting out all the pace she had. I look'd at the rattle-trap gig, the two big insides, the list reins, the meagre brown gelding that trotted in such array beside me at twenty miles an hour—also, I caught the eye of the wily Yankee, who had taken a characteristic way of introducing me to *Tom Thumb*!

We have examined Newmarket in its ornamental bearings; before we put the last touch to our picture, let us see whether the useful finds place in it or otherwise. That it is not deficient in social service I cordially bear witness: nationally, as giving a profitable bias to taste, its advantages are also manifold, but in the matter in which it is generally regarded as of paramount concern I am satisfied it is utterly without effect. Whatever rural service has been accomplished by breeding for the Turf, its date is not of our day. Lord George Bentinck, as good a practical opinion as can be quoted in support of the case, says that no man in his senses should think of breeding race-horses. There cannot be a question upon it. "Poeta nascitur," so is a first-class racer: each is an exception to his species. Breeding race-horses, and running them, are hobbies for which men must make up their minds to pay. Indeed, so expensive have they been found, that they now form, in many instances, distinct *amateur* pursuits. Mr. Nowel breeds and names by the score for the great stakes, but does not appear in the Calendar as a master of race-horses; Mr. Thornhill breeds four for one he trains; but it is needless to multiply examples.

I claim for the Turf no more than all must admit that it is entitled to; the first place in the list of England's rural sports. With the utilitarian I cannot plead for it, neither for the fragrance of the violet, nor the song of the sky-lark. Like the medal with its two sides, so has it a fair impression and its reverse. With your leave we beg of you to

look on that which is best, and venture to select the light. We would have you see Racing in its best perfection, and the point of 'vantage from which we wished you to view it was Newmarket. We trust its "counterfeit presentment" has pleased; if not familiar with the original, lose no time in forming the acquaintance. We can assure you, spite of all the utilitarians since the Flood, that now and then simply and abstractedly "pleasure is, indeed, a pleasant thing." We opened with St. John's eulogium on its excellence—we close with a spice of Monk Lewis's philosophy to the same effect.

"Oh! short is life, and pleasure speeds away,
Soon fades the rose, and raven locks turn gray:
Then wise are they, who seize the passing hour,
And, ere the bloom is wither'd, crop the flower."

TO A NEW-BORN CHILD.

FRAIL plant, condemn'd to crouch beneath the storm
Of earthly ills, and shiver to the blast
That rules in this cold world
Th' ungenial atmosphere;

May thy diminutive and fragile frame
Survive the shocks of ev'ry latent pang,
And live to smile at that
Which once had startled thee!

Sweet babe! were all as innocent as thou,
Then might we deem the glorious times call'd back
When our first parents rov'd
Sinless in Eden's realms.

Alas! the tainted elements of earth,
That form the compact being which we call
Man, is a living mass
Of sorrow and of sin!

Yet live thou on, sweet child—and like the brave
And dauntless sailor toss'd on lawless seas,
May'st thou thus meet the ills
That wait thy future day!

RUSSIAN LITERATURE SINCE 1815.

ACCORDING to the standard of modern culture, the designation of Literature belongs only to that degree of intellectual eminence, in which the domain of thought, having ceased to be the sole property of the few "noblemen" of art, science, and inspiration, has admitted into its pale the whole mass of the people, with all their sympathies and yearnings, which are the exponents of wisdom and genius in individuals. Whenever the people, endowed with an impressionable mind, has grown eager to receive and capable to develop every seed which falls from above, it has never failed to exercise, by the sovereignty of its taste, a salutary corrective and the most powerful controul upon the courses and tendencies of the few masters of thought. It is, therefore, as much the industry of learning and the magic spontaneity of inspiration, as the capacity of the listeners and the believers; as much the power which creates and imparts, as the authority which holds the balance between the created and the approved; the seed and the fructification, the influence and the opinion, the authors and the readers,—it is all that, we say, which is understood under the generic name of Literature. In the long gone-by ages the cloister, the laboratory, and sometimes the monarch's closet, harboured the solitary student; but now, with the extension of light and liberty, these fortresses have disappeared; and if the chosen ones rise still above the level of the vulgar, it is only to wink to each other, to emulate, to assert the uniform presence of culture on the whole extent of the soil, and to direct their course towards the goal of perfection.

Taking his stand upon this ground, the critic could not be justified in conceding the proud name of Literature to the result of the labours and achievements of Russian authors. Among them, men of real genius certainly may be found, but, wanting in unity of purpose, uncheered by the faintest manifestations of popular sympathies, they stand as solitary trees amidst a dreary and barren desert. They flit and pass before the eyes of the people, benumbed and holden by the iron hand of despotism in the trance of brute servitude and inanity, like those angels whom Murillo's divine pencil has represented ministering the finest dainties, and bringing the choicest fruits and flowers of earth, to a man dying amidst the horrors of the plague and famine. In the number of the many improvements, which the Czars have introduced by force into their empire, and the use of which they have commanded to their subjects, the scale by which the degrees of literary progress are commonly measured, has been found useless to natives, fallacious and misleading to foreigners. Books have been printed, newspapers circulated, scientific societies instituted, theatres opened; but all this within such limited range, encompassed with walls so impenetrable to the greatest part of the community, as to render the solitude of monastic learning, the exclusiveness of scholastic disputants in the middle ages, far less odious and uncheering than the rigorous seclusion to which art, science, and polite literature have been confined by the jealous and susceptible system of the Czars. All is civilization,

elegance, or at least all assumes the show or the mannerism of culture within their court; all is frigid, rough, and dark without. These moral phenomena are of a piece with, or rather they necessarily flow from, the social and political constitution of the country. The finest and the most elegant city of Europe rears its massy piles amidst a desert. Of a squalid village it rose, at the bidding of Peter the Great, to be the capital of an empire.

Railroads and gaslight are introduced into a country where not even a thousandth part possess either means or industry to procure the strictest necessities of life. And while fashionable sketch-books and elegant albums leave the St. Petersburg presses, utter ignorance is the lot of the serfs, and a printed book would be more than a curiosity in their wretched hovels. But as to pompous plans and gigantic schemes the ruling power in Russia has never been yet found deficient, so is it also with literature. By command a sketch of magnificent proportion has been drawn for it. Different departments of the sciences have been carefully translimited, bookshelves for libraries on a grand scale constructed before the appearance of any important work, and the history of Russian literature written before any thing worthy of that name existed. Thus on the globe of that literature the equator is drawn with marvellous accuracy, the meridians marked with mathematical precision, the poles placed in exact juxtaposition; but, alas! it presents only the empty circle of lines, uncheered by the coloured configuration of the continent, just like those skeleton-worlds to be found on the first page of every school map, and on which children learn the rules of latitude and longitude. With all its majestic design and unavailing or failed achievements, the Russian literature may be compared to one of those cathedrals planned by pious monarchs or great pontiffs, but standing yet in their unfinished and decaying state, in which the poverty or the miscalculation of the projectors have left them, and doomed to remain so until the people come forth to complete and inaugurate them as national monuments. But we shall not quarrel with Russian pretensions on that account. Let them assume the purpureal mantle of literary majesty.

When the Emperor Julian had been apprized that a wealthy citizen of Anagra had the folly to procure for himself a purple garment—a capital offence in the times of his predecessor, he not only did not molest him for that misdemeanour, but in the best possible temper sent him a pair of purple slippers, “to complete,” as he said, “the magnificence of the imperial habit.” And so, in the like manner, not only we shall not deny to the Russians a similar right in literary etiquette, or question the high estimation in which their authors are held by them, but in the exercise of our authority we shall endeavour to record every fact flattering to their national pride, and, as an offer of good will, discover perhaps the merits in men whom they are afraid or unable to appreciate. Moreover, thus having conceded to them the “robe” and presented the slippers of our own work, we shall not insult them by adding such appendages of nether garments as the unmerited celebrity of the state panegyrists and writers in the pay of government seems to remind us of, and almost urge to expatiate on the shameful character of their trade and the obtuseness of their admirers.

After all, it cannot be denied that the works of Russian authors are all more or less tainted with loud panegyric or tacit servility to the ruling power—that their aggregate worth has formed more an imperial than a national literature, and that the mosaic of those performances comes only to light when judged as deserving to tessellate the floor over which the arch-spirit of Autocracy struts in self-admiration. This fact is incontrovertible, and its cause so obvious, that, having premised that the imperial abode is the only place in Russia where art and literature may thrive, and the divinity presiding over it the only power to protect, to reward, and to exempt the man of talent from the iron rules of the military code, we shall at once take our station in the central point of the metropolis, to see the poet or the artist arrive at the portals of the court, to which he is necessarily and unavoidably led by the desire of celebrity—by the revengeful resentment of neglect, or the bitter knowledge

What hunger might effect ;
 What famished nature, looking with neglect
 On all she once held dear ; what fear, at strife
 With fainting virtue for the means of life,
 Might make the coward flesh.

The palace of the Admiralty is at once the centre and the chief ornament of the Russian capital. From this common point, streets, straight, regular, and long, shoot their endless avenues in different directions, as so many highways which towards all quarters of the world Russian ambition has paved to her insatiable thirst of conquest. The perfect resemblance of one house to another, as if cast in one and the same mould, does great honour to Russian architects, those most perfect of all sempstresses, whose stitches are so regular that, on inspecting them, Balzac's soul would leap from joy out of his body, for it is that author's extravagant expression,—“*Les rues ourlis de maisons*” (streets hemmed with houses), which made us adopt that comparison. An uniform-clad and equally sullen population flows through these gloomy channels in torrents, at every moment broken by the strict exchange of military honours. The man who receives here with overbearing insolence the compliment of his inferior, cringes there in base submissiveness to his superior. Rank is all, and individual merit nothing, if not adorned with corresponding outward signs. This sight will at once remind you of the fourteen classes in which that population are divided. Now in such a state of society how a poet can live and move? How that tender flower can rear its head beneath the weight of fourteen atmospheres? It must then seek a more purified zone, and since it cannot grow on the barren soil of the country, it cannot be blamed if it opens its fragrant corolla on the hot-bed of the court. While outside of it the first stunted functionary, the first overbearing aristocrat may crush a rising poet because he probably possessed no rank whatever,—within, a smile, a favour of the emperor will protect him from insult, inspire respect for his talents; and thus, if we may be allowed to reduce to these puny proportions the German apologue of the Jupiter and the poet,—he will give him for abode his own court, since he was too late or too absorbed in his meditations to come in time to get a place in the general classification. “Away, then, with childish scruples! Exchange misery and neglect for opulence and

honours! Look to that statue of Peter the Great, which before your eyes rears its colossal pile. The hero, elated with success, points to heaven. His fiery horse has reached in one leap the highest pinnacle of the rock, and there, though space fails him, with his fore-feet extended in air, he appears to strain his nerves for a still higher leap. Look to it, profit by the lesson it teaches, and follow the course it points to." So speaks Ambition to the poet. But Truth rejoins: "What, thou inspired son of Apollo, shalt prostrate the divine spark of your mind before the feet of a mortal? Thou son of liberty, shalt croach to a despot, and employ your genius in panegyric of vice and apology of crime? Look to that great emperor and his charger. Another step, and he falls into the abyss yawning beneath. Not so," continues Truth, in the words of a celebrated Polish poet, "not in that posture the beloved of nations, Marcus Aurelius, is represented in Rome. Adorned with the laurels of victory over his country's foes, he returns to the peaceful capital. He holds the reins and restrains the fire of his charger. The noble animal bristles up his mane. His eyes sparkle with fury, but he knows that he bears a father to millions of children, and he cools the heat of impatience. He proceeds with equal step, and you foresee that he shall reach immortality apace." But vain is the call of truth. The poet has over-stepped the threshold of the court and rushed into the circle of its gaudy pomp. We shall not follow him there. For greatly he is mistaken, who thinks he should be able to recognise there, amidst the crowd of courtiers, the noble son of thought by his lofty brow and modest garment, and to read in his impassioned eyes the pride of conscious dignity, and hear him say of the world around,—

I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smile, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo in the crowd;
They could not deem me one of such. I stood
Among them, but not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts.

Alas! not one face without the smile of flattery, not one dress without rich embroidery, not one knee reluctant to bend. The voice of the poet, his solo of eulogy, is lost in the bravoura of general praise and worship. Let us, therefore, turn away from this painful scene, and betake ourselves simply to the task of recording facts, and narrating the merits of the most conspicuous authors since the last twenty years.

"The Muses," says Keraskoff, the author of the first Russian Epic, "waited till the reign of Peter the Great in order to make their appearance in Russia." Such is not the fact, inasmuch as the existence of a few men, who first bethought themselves to set into rhymes a language essentially poetical, and to harmonize into measured feet an idiom naturally melodious, does not yet denote the creation of national poetry. In Keraskoff's opinion the date of the reign of poetry in Russia should coincide with the period when the hand of the great emperor laid the keystone to that political building, which has since grown so deformed and out of proportion that it begins to threaten with ruin, or to become, from the diversity of origin, social habits, and language of its artificers, another tower of Babel. But, as there is a

vast distance between the first designs of that enterprising monarch, and their ultimate execution by his successors,—between the cluster of a few palaces almost sinking with their weight in the marshy shore of the bay of Finland, and the modern metropolis of Russia,—between the first boats constructed by the unskilful hand of the Dutch apprentice, and the navy sweeping at the present moment in proud array the waves of the Baltic and the Black Sea,—between the laurels won at Poltawa, and the victories inscribed with daring sword at the gates of Paris and on the summit of the Balkan,—so an immense space separates in Russia the first trials from the establishment of regular and matured poetry. The Muses, so hospitably received, so warmly cherished, and so long retained among the gifted sons of the neighbouring kingdom, Poland, might have appeared under the reign of Peter on the threshold of his empire, with pitchers full of Castalian water, with hands full of flowers of Slavonian growth, wrapt in the rainbow hues of northern imagery. But, scared by the morbid state of the people, by the snow-covered plains of the deserts, the nine sisters ran away trembling, lest by longer stay the inspiring water should freeze, lest the glowing colours should be bedimmed, and the flowers faded by frost. Yet, with the coquetry common to their sex, they promised to return when the spark of life shall have warmed the torpid members of the infant empire, and in pledge thereof threw behind them the rich contents of their rosy palms. The wreaths, which fell from their hands on the dry ground, bore the names of the mortals most favoured by their gifts. A few of the natives, attracted by the sudden light, followed their steps, picked up the fragrant wreaths, and encircling their brows with them, began to consider themselves the representatives of those whose name they bore. Thus Lomonosoff, a prolific lyric writer, plumed himself upon being Russian Pindar. Sumorokoff, a no less copious dramatic author, did not tremble on encroaching upon the honours of Racine. And Keraskoff himself stood in self-complacent vanity, when his “*Rossiade*,” pompously composed in iambick measure of six feet, drawing its sluggish length through twelve voluminous cantos, was proclaimed by the flattery of the court to have equalled the divine performances of Homer and Virgil. In later times the modesty of the truly meritorious poet Dzierzawin scarcely escaped the ridiculous appellation of the Russian Klopstock. And Bogdanowier, had he as much simplicity in his aspirations as in his really charming style, ought to have spurned the epithet of the Russian Anacreon with which he has been bedaubed by his mistaken admirers. It is to that sort of impertinent arrogance that Keraskoff assigns the Olympic honours due only to a genuine literature. That we have formed not a too low estimate of the writers of that period, we will give the testimony of one, who certainly cannot be accused of any parsimony of praise when speaking of that country. “Before the time of Peter the Great,” says Sir William Coxe, “there were indeed a few poets, but their compositions were more rhymes than verses, and even during his reign the art was still in its infancy.” The significant silence of that courtier with respect to the literati of the times of Catherine II., for whom he never finds sufficiently laudatory expressions, proves that at the time of his visit the infant art had not yet grown to any thing like the dimensions of a giant.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL OF LITERATURE.

BY G. W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

DE BALZAC.

So much has been written by Englishmen upon the modern French school of literature, and so false or wilfully prejudiced have for the most part been the views of those pretended and pretending critics, that much remains for the impartial and acute observer yet to say. We have had histories of French manners and customs, that were written after a six weeks' or two months' residence in Paris—we have been favoured with *critiques* upon French novelists and dramatists, that have emanated from scribes actually unacquainted with the language of our continental neighbours—we have seen issue from the London press disquisitions on the political state of a nation whose systems of legislation, jurisprudence, and government were any thing but understood by the commentators who thus gratuitously foisted upon their fellow-countrymen false or ignorant representations—and we have noticed the entire economy of a mighty people judged and discussed by individuals whose range of mental vision never extended beyond the white cliffs of their own small and sea-girt isle, even if their steps had for a short space franchised the boundary. In the series of papers which we now project, we shall not, however, in any way allude to that which former critics may have advanced upon the same subject; we purpose to render our articles rather entertaining than elaborately critical; and in order to achieve this desirable aim, we shall lay before the reader as many extracts from the works of those authors whom we shall notice as possible, and shall, moreover, select the most interesting and powerful passages for quotation.

De Balzac is perhaps the first novelist in France—if not in Europe. His imagination is not so fertile in incident during the progressive development of a tale, as that of many of his contemporaries; but his plots are invariably well designed, well kept up, and as admirably carried on to their *denouement*. To the casual reader, and to the one who merely occupies himself with a work for the sake of the amusement it may afford, de Balzac will often appear prolix and tedious; but to the individual who reads for instruction, who reads to ascertain the workings of the human mind in all its phases, and who reads to receive an impression somewhat more lasting than the mere reminiscence of a tale is capable of affording—to such an one are the writings of de Balzac invaluable and peerless treasures. De Balzac is deeply read in the history of the world; he has profoundly studied that volume which many regard but superficially; the minutest fibres that concrete in the human heart have vibrated to his

magic touch. Not a smile—not a sigh—not a look—not a tear—are unnoticed by him; and in each he sees something more real, more important, and more true, than ever meets the glance of a cursory observer. Hence has he transferred to his writings that vast knowledge which his mind had long treasured up; hence is the page of his book an echo to the tablet of his memory; and hence does he occasionally detail minutely those feelings and passions which the generality of authors usually express in one word.

The works of de Balzac are various and voluminous. Amongst the best are "*La Peau de Chagrin*," "*Le Vicaire des Ardennes*," and "*Annette et le Criminel*." His "*Scenes de la vie de Provence*," and "*Scenes de la vie Parisienne*," must not, however, remain unmentioned. But it is from the work entitled "*Annette et le Criminel*," that we propose to quote our illustrative extract; and while we preface it by assuring our readers that it is but a small portion of one of the most beautiful tales ever imagined, we must also observe that for the English literary world, it is eminently calculated to exhibit the form and mode in which criminal justice is distributed in France.

The Trial.

The morning of the trial dawned, and the judges, in the presence of an immense crowd, took their seats in the majestic hall of justice. A large crucifix* was placed above the chair occupied by the president; the jury was on the right of the tribunal, and the accused on the left; the king's procurator, M. de Ruysan, was almost close to the prisoner, whom the gendarmes guarded on both sides; and Charles Servigné, the counsel for the accused, was only separated from his client by the partition formed by the sort of box or pew in which the latter was placed.

When M. de Durantal appeared, the glances of all present were concentrated in his person with a species of avidity; and the effects were a variety of conflicting sentiments in the minds of the spectators. The windows that gave light to the hall were on that side where the jury sate; and thus each ray fell upon the features of the accused, and no change in his countenance could escape the eyes of his judges.

The nomination of the jury having taken place in the usual way, the indictment was read by the clerk of the court in the following terms:—

"For a considerable space of time the governments of various states have been aware of the existence of an execrable pirate named Argow, who chiefly infested the American seas. The delinquencies of this individual commenced by the total destruction of a Spanish fleet that was employed in conveying specie from Havannah to Cadiz. Argow himself was originally mate in the *Daphnis* frigate, at that time under the command of the marquis of Saint André, a rear-admiral in the service of France. Argow incited a mutiny

* The events related in "*Annette et Le Criminel*" are supposed to have taken place in the year 1816.

amongst the crew, and seized upon the frigate, having landed the marquis, and all the officers who remained faithful to their commander, on a desert island, whence none but the marquis himself ever returned to France.

"The skill of the pirate and his crew for a long time defeated the aims and pursuits of those governments which his horrible piracies had irritated against him. Argow was, however, at length wrecked on the coast of the United States, and was immediately captured and conveyed to Charles-town, where the criminal law adjudged him to die. He nevertheless managed to escape from his impending doom, and obtained an unconditional pardon.

"The vast accumulation of his riches now inspired him with the idea of returning to France, and living tranquilly, if possible, upon the produce of his crimes. He fancied that his immense wealth, and the secluded life he intended to lead, would effectually shield him from all danger and from all suspicion. And in this he would probably have succeeded, had not a new series of crime drawn upon him the notice of justice.

"In 18—, Argow, who since his return to France adopted the name of Maxendi, purchased several estates, and, amongst others, the lands of Durantal. One of his friends, named Vernyct—an individual whom no proofs have yet criminally identified as an accomplice—"

"Would that it were otherwise!" exclaimed a terrible voice, which seemed to proceed from the middle of the crowd.

The author of this singular interruption was sought for in vain; but his ejaculation appeared to have excited the feelings of the accused; for he said in an almost inaudible tone to Charles Servigné, "Oh! now I feel that I am not without friends!"

"This Vernyct," continued the clerk, when order was once more restored, "bought—whether for himself or his friends, does not appear—a considerable landed property at Vans-la-Pavée. His lordship, the Bishop of A——y, possessed a large estate adjoining the new acquisitions of Vernyct; and it appears that the two estates were so connected with each other, that Maxendi and Vernyct went to A——y to purchase the portion of the territory which then belonged to the bishop.

"His lordship was the brother of the marquis of Saint André, who had just returned to France; and when Maxendi and Vernyct appeared at the palace of the bishop, they were accidentally confronted by the rear-admiral himself. The marquis sent for the gendarmerie to arrest the culprit Argow, whom he immediately recognised; but circumstances enabled the delinquent and Vernyct to escape in safety from the prelate's residence.

"Shortly after this interview, the marquis of Saint André was found a corpse in his bed-chamber; and Argow departed during the night."

The indictment was then brought to a conclusion; and a detail of circumstantial evidence was forthwith entered upon in the ensuing manner:—

"No sooner was the death of the marquis discovered, when the bishop, suspecting that his brother had fallen a victim to the terrible

pirate Argow, summoned the proper authorities, and an inquest was immediately held upon the body. It was ascertained that the marquis had met a violent death, without sustaining any great corporeal injury; for the tide of his life had suddenly been arrested and frozen by the effects of a subtle vegetable poison which scarcely left a trace behind it. The surgeons, who attended the inquest, subsequently ascertained that the artery in the right arm had been perforated by some instrument as diminutive as the point of a pin; and their opinion was unhesitatingly given as to the fact that the death of the marquis had been caused by this almost invisible wound.

"The surgeons, influenced by their curiosity as well as by a sense of duty, carefully examined the flesh in the immediate vicinity of the wound; and the result of their researches was the discovery of the smallest possible fragment of the pointed instrument that had pierced the artery. The medical men, thus put in possession of the remainder of a substance as yet unknown to them, thrust the fragment into the chief artery in the neck of a dog, the consequences of which experiment were instantaneously fatal to the animal, and the same symptoms appeared in its body as those that had developed themselves in the corpse of the deceased marquis.

"It was then that the most minute and vigorous search ensued; and the traces of footsteps upon the floor of the marquis's bed-chamber at length indicated that the murderer must have escaped by the chimney. The chimney was therefore examined with care; and it was shortly ascertained that an individual had evidently issued from the apartment through that *medium*. The chimney-pots were broken, and the pieces scattered about in the court below.

"In the garden the footsteps of a man were again distinguished on some sand which had been raked the day before; and the dimensions of the steps thus imprinted were immediately taken. Those steps, some of which were turned towards the bishop's palace, and others receding from it towards the garden-wall, were very numerous.

"On the top of the chimney was discovered a cramp-iron, to which a long cord, reaching into the garden, was appended; and on inquiry being made throughout the town, it was ascertained that the wife of a certain ironmonger had sold the iron and six similar ones to a stranger on the preceding evening. The remaining six irons were subsequently found upon the wall overlooking the garden. When questioned relative to the appearance of the stranger who had purchased the irons, the ironmonger's wife immediately described the person of M. de Durantal.

"The landlady of the hotel, at which Argow lodged, declared that her guest was absent from the inn during the early portion of the night when the murder was committed, and that he left the hotel at one o'clock in the morning.

"In consequence of this information, pursuit was immediately instituted after Argow or Maxendi; but the endeavours of justice to capture the supposed criminal, were invariably eluded by him."

The clerk of the court paused for a moment, then turned to another document which lay near him, and read as follows:—

"M. de Durantal, a short time ago, killed a mad bull in his own park, by simply pricking a vein in the animal's neck with a sharp instrument made of the bone of a fish, and which instrument he usually carried in a ring upon his finger. The bull fell down dead the moment the little instrument perforated its skin.

"The ring, in which that instrument was concealed, was seized upon the person of M. de Durantal at the moment of his arrest. The point of the instrument is broken off; and the fragment which was found in the body of the marquis of Saint André, exactly fits the place where the fracture has occurred. The colour of the poison in the fragment, and of that in the portion of the instrument that was discovered in M. de Durantal's ring, is precisely the same. Several witnesses will prove that M. de Durantal is the same individual who visited A———y, as aforesaid; and the dimensions of M. de Durantal's footsteps correspond with the size of those traces that were left in the sand," &c., &c., &c.

Then followed the usual peroration in such cases, and the official signature of the king's procurator. The indictment being thus brought to a termination, the president put the usual interrogatories to the prisoner.

"What is your name?"

"My name," replied the accused, "is neither Argow nor Maxendi. I adopted the title of de Durantal because I purchased the estate which bears that appellation."

Charles Servigné, the counsel for the accused, rose and observed to the jury—"Gentlemen, you will take notice that the prisoner is neither Argow nor Maxendi, and that the identity has been in no way established."

"Sir," said the president, addressing himself to Servigné, "that remark is unseasonable. It should form a portion of your defence."

Charles bowed, and remained silent. The president once more addressed himself to the prisoner.

"Does that ring belong to you?" enquired the president.

The prisoner replied in the affirmative.

"Did you ever serve under the marquis of Saint André?"

"I did, Sir," was the answer.

"Were you one of the crew that manned the *Daphnis*?"

The accused again responded in an affirmative.

"At what period?"

"In 180—."

"When did you return to France?"

"In 181—."

"Were you the individual who called upon his lordship the Bishop of A———y, with the intention of purchasing an estate in that neighbourhood?" pursued the president.

"The same, Sir!" answered the accused.

"At what period did this take place?"

"I cannot recollect the date of my visit to his lordship."

This reply caused a visible emotion of pleasure in the breast of the anxious Charles Servigné.

"Did you see the marquis of Saint André at his brother's residence?"

"I did."

"Was it in the morning or in the evening?"

"Both. I saw the marquis once in the morning and once in the evening."

"The gentlemen of the jury will observe," exclaimed Charles, "that the indictment only mentions one visit."

"When did you leave A——y?" continued the president.

"Shortly after my second interview with the marquis," replied the accused.

"Did you remain in the hotel where you lodged, the whole time that intervened between the second visit and your departure from A——y?"

The prisoner replied firmly in the negative.

"What did you do, then, during that interval?"

At this moment Charles Servigné rose abruptly from his seat and addressing himself to the president, exclaimed, "Sir, I cannot allow my client to answer that question. Either he will confess that he murdered the marquis of Saint André, or he must remain silent. In both cases, your question is therefore useless; for if he acknowledge the crime, the ends of justice will not be one atom benefitted by the avowal; since, according to the laws of France, a prisoner cannot criminate himself."

The king's procurator was about to interfere in favour of the question being again put, when the president cut short any wrangling upon that head, by continuing the examination.

"Accused, how came the poisonous instrument in your possession?"

"I received it as a present from the chief of a tribe of savages in North America."

"Were you not arrested at Charlestown, and condemned as a pirate?"

"I was."

"The jury will recollect," again interrupted Charles, "that the indictment contains no clause whereupon to prosecute the accused for those pretended piracies to which the president alludes; and that even if such piracies were proved, no verdict could be given against the prisoner on that account."

"Certainly not," exclaimed the president. "My only object in putting the question to the accused was to establish that identity which you of course will attempt to destroy.—Prisoner," continued the judge, "was it not with that indetical instrument that you caused the death of a bull in your park at Durantal?"

The accused replied in the affirmative.

"Had the chief of the tribe of savages many of those instruments in his possession?"

"I do not know."

"Did any other of your companions become possessed of such instruments?"

"Of that also I am ignorant."

"Were you alone in communication with that chief?"

"No, Sir. Many of my companions had frequent intercourse with the tribe alluded to."

"Did any of those companions return to France with you?"

"A considerable number."

"Wherefore, having fitted up so splendid an establishment at Vans-la-Pavée, have you never returned to that place since the murder of the marquis of Saint André?"

"A rapid succession of circumstances during the last two years has totally precluded the possibility of my visiting that estate. Besides," continued M. de Durantal, "the property is not mine own—it belongs to one of my friends."

"Were you not arrested at Aulnay-le-Vicomte?"

"Yes: but not as a criminal. My detention originated in the device of an individual who was desirous of eluding pursuit on my part."

"Wherefore, then, did you offer four thousand pounds sterling, and even pay the money, to ensure the means of escape?"

"Because I was anxious to be in Paris by a certain time; and Heaven is my witness, that I did not dread the danger to which you may fancy I was exposed. I was the victim of a passion, which, at that period, agitated me cruelly."

At this stage of the proceedings, the president ordered some menial attendants of the court to spread a quantity of sand on the floor immediately opposite the box in which the jury was seated, and requested M. de Durantal to walk over it. The clerk of the court measured the traces left upon the sand by the footsteps of the accused; and the prisoner having been re-conducted to his place, the king's procurator proceeded to the examination of the witnesses.

The first witness summoned upon this occasion, was the landlady of the hotel at which Argow had lodged when at A——y. She declared that the features of the prisoner were perfectly familiar to her; and that her memory in a moment identified M. de Durantal with the individual who had departed so mysteriously from her inn on the night when the murder was committed.

"How long was he at your hotel?" enquired the public minister.

"One day and the half of a night," was the answer.

"You have brought your books into court with you," continued the king's procurator; "and are therefore able to name the very day on which Argow arrived at your hotel."

"The 23rd of October, 182—," answered the hostess.

"The gentlemen of the jury will observe," said the procurator, "that on the 23rd of October was the murder committed; for it was discovered on the ensuing morning at six o'clock."

The witness, upon farther examination, would not take upon herself to affirm at what o'clock, and for how long a time, the prisoner was absent from the hotel. The chamber-maid, when summoned to the witness-box, however, deposed that the post-horses were ordered to be ready at one precisely, in the morning, and that he was in his apartment, when he was summoned by her at that hour.

"Do you know at what o'clock he left the hotel in the early part of that night?" enquired the public minister.

"He went out at eight o'clock in the evening to go to the Bishop's Palace," answered the girl, "and returned to the hotel an hour afterwards. But from that moment till the chaise arrived at the door at one, I did not notice that he left the inn. One circumstance, however, I recollect; that three strangers issued from the apartment of the accused at about nine o'clock, and that the accused, as I before stated, was in that apartment at one in the morning."

"Was the front door of the hotel open during the night in question?"

"Yes—for there was a great number of people staying in the hotel."

"When the individual, whom you state to be the accused, returned to the hotel at nine o'clock," enquired Charles Servigné, "and when he left it again at one in his carriage, did he, on either occasion, appear agitated?"

"He did not," replied the servant, firmly.

The third witness was now summoned: it was the wife of the ironmonger of A——y, at whose house the cramp-irons had been purchased. She declared that she recollected the accused perfectly well, and that his were a form and features which, if once seen, could never be forgotten.

"I understand," said Charles Servigné to the witness, "that you are accustomed to sit in a back-shop, and that you never light up the front one at all?"

"It was by the light of the lamp," began the witness, "that—"

"The gentlemen of the jury," interrupted Charles, "will decide to what extent they may trust this evidence, especially as the lamp is not in front of the shop occupied by witness and her husband."

"Is the lamp in front of your shop, or not?" demanded M. de Ruysan, the public minister.

"Not quite," was the reply.

"Sit down," said the procurator.

The president now informed the jury that the very infirm state of health experienced by the Bishop of A——y, did not permit his lordship to give oral evidence at that tribunal; but a written series of testimony had been duly forwarded for the consideration of the court. The president then read the document in question; and its contents were any thing but favourable to the cause of M. de Durantal. Indeed, his lordship the Bishop of A——y declared that when Argow encountered the marquis de Saint André so unexpectedly, as before alluded to, the former made use of an expression which evidently intimated his desire to rid himself of the latter altogether.

Here terminated the case for the prosecution; and the president informed Charles Servigné that he might call his witnesses for the defence.

M. Badger, ex-prefect of the department, was first summoned; and according to his testimony, M. de Durantal was present so late as twelve o'clock at night, at a ball given by the witness in Paris, on the 21st of October, 182—. This important deposition was confirmed by at least a dozen respectable persons who were also at M.

Badger's ball, and who there became acquainted with M. de Durantal.

Charles now summoned three of the servants, and the porter belonging to the establishment of the Lord Bishop of A——y. These witnesses declared, that about half-past nine o'clock on the night when the murder was committed, a stranger—but certainly not M. de Durantal—presented himself at the gate of the Bishop's Palace, and desired to be conducted to the apartment of the marquis of Saint André. The stranger carried a large parcel in his hand; and the porter, believing that the package belonged to the marquis, called the *valet-de-chambre*, and desired him to show the stranger to the bed-room occupied by the brother of the prelate.

"Which of you was the one that thus introduced the stranger to the apartment of the marquis?" demanded the president.

"It was I," answered the *valet-de-chambre* of his lordship, the bishop.

"Did either of you see him leave the palace?" enquired the president.

"We did not, Sir," was the general reply.

"Porter," cried the president, "did *you* see that man return after he had left the palace the first time?"

"I cannot say for certain."

"The palace-gate is usually open, I believe?"

"Nearly always, Sir."

"Was it closed upon the night in question?"

"My memory will not permit me to reply."

"Was the parcel unpacked?" enquired the president of the three servants, successively.

"It was, Sir," replied the *valet-de chambre*; "and on examination of its contents we found nothing save old rags, worthless papers, and a variety of articles that we fancied had been addressed to the marquis in a moment of pleasantry, by some wag."

"What sort of a person was the stranger who carried the parcel to the palace?"

"Short—fat—and vulgar," replied the *valet de-chambre*; "badly dressed, and wearing iron-heeled shoes on his feet."

Servigné desired these witnesses to retire; and after a momentary pause, addressed the court as follows:—

"I have yet one witness to call—but under such peculiar circumstances that I am almost ashamed to mention my request."

"Proceed," said the president, encouragingly.

"My desire is," continued Charles, "that the witness I am about to call shall not be interrogated farther than he may choose to submit to such ordeal; and that when he shall have given that testimony which will speedily convince the gentlemen of the jury of the innocence of my client, he shall be allowed to depart without risk or peril to his own personal safety, whatever may be the nature of his evidence."

The king's procurator was strongly opposed to this extraordinary manner of proceeding; but the foreman of the jury declared that his own conscience, and the conscience of his fellow-jurymen, would

not be satisfied unless the proposed evidence were laid before them. The president accordingly consulted with his brother judges; and it was eventually agreed that the anonymous witness should be introduced.

No sooner was the decree of the court thus pronounced, when a man, of enormous stature and fierce aspect, stepped up to the very desk at which the president was seated, and having placed in the hand of that magistrate an instrument exactly resembling the one found upon the person of M. de Durantal, he retired as suddenly as he had appeared.

It was now six o'clock in the evening, and the president declared that the trial must be resumed on the following morning. The last event which had occurred, had excited the most acute curiosity in the breasts of all present; and the next day was eagerly looked forward to by those who knew full well that the defence was to be made within four and twenty hours, and that the same period would probably make known the fate of M. de Durantal.

When the court sate on the following morning, the president submitted the poisonous instrument so singularly placed in evidence, the day before, by the anonymous witness, to the examination of the jury; and it was immediately pronounced to be exactly similar to the one found upon the person of M. de Durantal. The president then desired the king's procurator to address the jury; but the public minister, by a skilful subterfuge, declared that the basis of the accusation being already well founded, he would prefer reserving himself to reply to the defence that was about to be set up by the prisoner's counsel.

A smile of disdain appeared upon the lips of Charles Servigné, as he rose to address the jury; and at that moment the most solemn silence reigned throughout the hall. Every eye was turned towards the young barrister, who seemed to be the centre of every thought in that extensive audience. The noise of a spider weaving his fragile web upon the wall, would have been heard when Servigné thus prepared to speak.

He had neither *memoranda* nor notes: he trusted entirely to his own faithful memory, and yet did not despair of saving his client from an ignominious doom. Suffering the tone of his voice to assume a plaintive and melancholy cadence, and casting an appealing glance towards the jury, as if to supplicate their most undivided attention to his argument, Servigné commenced as follows:—

“I shall not prelude my defence of the prisoner at the bar, gentlemen of the jury, by reminding you of your wisdom and sagacity: flattery on such occasions is useless; for we well know that impartial judges do not condemn a man to death in the gaiety of their hearts, nor in a mood of self-satisfaction. Neither shall I attempt to mystify the case by a series of those metaphysical reasonings to which counsel have such frequent recourse in matters of difficulty and danger. It will be in facts—and in facts alone, gentlemen—such facts as the development of the trial has itself progressively furnished—that I shall look for those arguments whereby the innocence of the prisoner will be fully and satisfactorily proven.

"Several witnesses of known respectability, have assured you that on the evening of the 21st of October, M. de Durantal was at a ball given by M. Badger, a gentleman of American extraction, in Paris ; and those witnesses moreover declared that so late as twelve o'clock on the same night, they saw the prisoner at M. Badger's house."

Servigné handed the card of invitation, addressed to M. Maxendi, to the jury, and resumed his defence with the ensuing explanation.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it would be ridiculous to deny the identity of the prisoner with Maxendi and Argow. Maxendi was a chief of a tribe of savages who saved the prisoner's life many years ago ; and the prisoner, in order to exemplify his gratitude to the utmost of his power, adopted the name of Maxendi. Previous to this occurrence, he had been known amongst the crew with which he served, as Argow.

"Now, gentlemen, I might, at this stage of the defence, request you to weigh well in your minds, whether it were barely probable, even if possible, for the prisoner to have been at A——y on the 23rd, especially as he had passed by Vans-la-Pavée, and tarried there a short time. But these means of proving an *alibi* are the last resource to which innocence will fly, when a thousand other proofs await your consideration.

"You are aware of the relative positions of myself and the accused : I am his cousin by marriage—and it was my jealousy that, in a great measure, contributed to place him at that bar. I now defend him, because, if it shall appear that he has been criminal, he has also done much in aid of virtue ;—to save him, therefore, is my hope—my dearest hope ; nay—more, it is my duty—even if he were culpable !

"Commencing with such frankness and so singular an avowal, you will at once perceive that I am thoroughly convinced of the guiltlessness of my client, and of my power to demonstrate his innocence. Indeed, you will observe, during the development of the defence, that the same loyal frankness will reign throughout my discourse, and that the justification of the prisoner will result from that sincerity ; inasmuch as the desired aim will be compassed, not by means of witnesses in favour of the accused, but by the depositions of those very witnesses whom the public minister has himself summoned to give evidence before this tribunal.

"The prisoner, say some of these witnesses, went to the Bishop's Palace at eight o'clock, and returned to the hotel at nine ; and from that moment no one can say that he again left his apartment until one in the morning, when he quitted A——y altogether.

"Now from nine o'clock to one there is an interval of four hours ; and it was during these four hours, argues the indictment, that the murder must have been committed. What is the duty of the king's procurator ? To enable you, gentlemen of the jury, to follow the criminal step by step in all his actions—that you may see him, as it were, actually advancing towards the criminal moment, and committing the crime itself. But in this case, you have nothing, save the evidence of the Bishop of A——y ; and his lordship's testimony may be speedily invalidated by the fact, that as he was aware

of the former events in the prisoner's life, he might readily have imagined his brother to be the object of the hatred and alarm of M. de Durantal.

"Thus, in its very prelude, is the indictment miserably defective; for it cannot prove, nor even assert, that the prisoner left the hotel during those four memorable hours.

"You have next the testimony of the wife of the ironmonger, at whose shop the seven iron-bars were purchased. She declares that it was on the evening in question, but she particularizes no hour. If the prisoner were the author of the crime, it must be proven that he *again* left his hotel after having returned to it, as already demonstrated, at nine o'clock. In order to have purchased the bars, then, he must have left that hotel at a quarter-past nine, or at half-past nine, perhaps.

"In those three hours and a half that remained, what would the indictment seem to say that the prisoner had effected? Scaled the walls of the palace—murdered the marquis of Saint André—and then returned to the hotel, where he regained his usual tranquillity of aspect, and passed a certain time in his bed. All this was perfected, according to the indictment, unnoticed by a single witness, who could say, 'I saw the prisoner in the street once during those three hours and a half?' Truly, this was a marvellous performance in the face of so many obstacles! The hotel was full of passengers—the street door was left open all night—and this latter circumstance alone proves that the servants of the inn must have maintained a sharp watch upon the egress and ingress of individuals about the premises.

"The ironmonger has a large family—and his shop is situate in one of the most populous quarters of A——y, and yet no one saw the prisoner, save the wife of the shopkeeper himself. And this witness declares that the lamp was lighted when the prisoner called to purchase the cramp-irons. Now at that period of the month of October, on account of the early moon-light, the lamps at A——y were not lit until half-past ten o'clock at night. Here is the certificate of the mayor to ratify the truth of my assertion, and another from the municipal contractor to a similar purpose. Thus the prisoner had actually little more than two hours to effect those various deeds which I ere now detailed.

"It however happens that on the very night when the murder was committed, a stranger, carrying under his arm a large package of things which eventually proved to be nothing but rubbish, was introduced into the palace, and conducted to the very apartment of the marquis of Saint André. It is not proven that he again left the palace, or that he did not return; the porter cannot tax his memory with having seen him depart by the great gate which formed the only means of egress from the bishop's residence. A stranger, I repeat, was thus introduced into the palace: the marquis was assassinated; the contents of the parcel prove that the stranger's object in calling at the palace was any thing but a loyal and straight-forward purpose; and yet it is the prisoner who is accused of the crime! There are proofs—strong proofs against the stranger; there cannot now remain even a breath of suspicion against M. de Durantal; and

yet—the former is at large ; and the latter, at the bar of a criminal tribunal !”

Servigné paused for a moment, and then requested the president to summon once more the *valet-de-chambre* of the Bishop of A——y, and the chamber-maid of the hotel where the prisoner had lodged. This demand was immediately complied with ; and Charles wrote upon a piece of paper the questions he wished to be put to the witnesses thus recalled into court.

“ At what o’clock did the marquis of Saint André retire to rest ?” demanded the president, of the *valet-de-chambre*.

“ At ten,” was the reply ; and the domestic adduced several circumstances to prove that the exact hour was really engraven on his memory.

The president then addressed himself to the chamber-maid.

“ Did the sheets of the prisoner’s bed at the hotel seem to indicate that he had reposed in them ?”

The reply was unhesitatingly given in the affirmative.

“ Gentlemen of the jury,” continued Charles, “ had the prisoner retired to rest at half-past nine, he would only have had little more than three hours’ repose after a long and tedious journey. I now come to that portion of my explanation which will show, firstly, wherefore the marquis of Saint André did not cause the prisoner to be arrested when they met at the palace of the bishop ; secondly, why it was not necessary for the prisoner to rid himself by murder of the marquis ; and thirdly, the reason of the prisoner’s departure from the hotel at one o’clock in the morning.

“ M. de Durantal, being enamoured of Melanie, the only daughter of the marquis of Saint André, carried her forcibly away to his *chateau* at Vans-la-Pavée, and there detained her with the hope of securing her affections. When the prisoner found himself in the presence of the marquis of Saint André, at the Bishop’s Palace, and when the enraged nobleman was about to summon the aid of the police to secure M. de Durantal, the latter whispered but one word in the ear of the distracted father, and a compact was immediately entered into. The stipulations were to the effect, that M. de Durantal should restore Melanie to the bosom of her sire—that after a few hours of necessary repose, M. de Durantal should hasten to Vans-la-Pavée and fetch the imprisoned daughter—and that a total oblivion of past events, on the part of the marquis, was to be the recompense for the fulfilment of these conditions.

“ M. de Durantal *did* depart, according to agreement, so soon as exhausted nature had been slightly refreshed ; but on his arrival at his *chateau* at Vans-la-Pavée, he found that Melanie had escaped a few hours before. It was on that occasion, also, that M. de Durantal was arrested by the false representations of Melanie’s lover ; and his determination to pursue the fugitives as speedily as possible, prompted him to obtain his immediate liberty, even at the price of four thousand pounds sterling.

“ The gentlemen of the jury will call to mind,” continued Charles, “ that M. de Durantal might have sought that security in Germany

or the Netherlands, or even in England, which, if guilty, he could not possibly expect to enjoy in France, had he been so disposed. There was a variety of plans for him to resort to, and all less terrible and dangerous than the assassination of the marquis.

"I now come, gentlemen, to another portion of the evidence against my client. It is that which relates to the dimensions of the footsteps. Without attaching much importance to the fact, that an individual of the rank and fortune of M. de Durantal, would scarcely have worn iron-shod boots, I beg to observe, that the indictment has omitted a most important fact. Amongst the footsteps discovered upon the sand in the garden of his lordship the Bishop of A——y, were others of a different size and shape to those which are supposed to have been the imprints of the feet of M. de Durantal. Hence it is evident that two individuals walked upon the sand during that night. Might not the steps which were not measured have been those of the real murderer? and because the size of M. de Durantal's steps corresponds with that of another's, will an intelligent jury condemn him to death upon so slight an evidence? Is it not probable that the stranger, who introduced himself so suspiciously into the palace with a parcel of worthless effects, was the author of the crime—and that the unmeasured steps were his? So far as regards the evidence of the ironmonger's wife, the fact of the lamp being upwards of thirteen feet to the left of her shop, and the unsatisfactory nature of her testimony, are sufficient to throw discredit upon her assertions.

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is now for you to recollect that the cramp-irons were not purchased many minutes before eleven o'clock—that to scale the wall of the palace, ascend the building itself, enter into the marquis's apartment by the chimney, consummate the crime, and return by the same way, scarcely two hours remained—and that at one o'clock M. de Durantal was in his bed-chamber at the hotel. Might not the crime have been committed *after* one o'clock?—and in that case the indictment fails to affect us. In fine, is it impossible that the stranger so often alluded to, was a secret enemy of the unfortunate marquis?

"The indictment declares that the first bar was discovered on the top of the chimney. If M. de Durantal scaled the wall, how did he scale the exterior of the palace itself? Is it not probable that the aforesaid stranger, when introduced into the apartment of the marquis, took notice of the position of the chimney, &c., and eventually returning to that apartment, ascended the chimney, fixed the bar on the summit, and thereto attached a cord by which he descended into the garden? What blanks—what voids are there to be filled up in order to render the indictment against the prisoner at all complete! and how clear—how natural were all his movements—all his actions! If the indictment in this case be clear, to-morrow I would concoct a far more feasible one against the stranger, whom I sincerely and devoutly believe to be the author of the crime."

A murmur of approbation, even on the part of several of the jury, succeeded the observations made by M. Charles Servigné; and even M. de Ruysan, the king's procurator, appeared struck by the nature

of the defence. He, however, essayed to conceal his emotion by closely investigating the two poisoned instruments that had been handed to him by the president.

"One word more," said Charles, after a short pause. "Gentlemen of the jury," continued he with an air of satisfaction, "is it not probable that the stranger, who was yesterday so mysteriously introduced into court, might have been the assassin of the marquis of Saint André; and that, touched by the pangs of remorse, he came, without implicating himself, to constitute the innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

At this moment M. de Durantal said in a low tone of voice, "Great God! what puissance hast thou not given to the words of man!"

"What therefore remains?" ejaculated Charles with a vehemence and energy he had not hitherto used, "save the testimony afforded by the poisoned instruments? But, so long as it shall not be proven that the instrument found upon the person of M. de Durantal was the immediate cause of the death of the marquis of Saint André—so long as it shall be demonstrated that the other is equally venomous and prompt in its effects, M. de Durantal cannot be found guilty by a jury chosen amongst the impartial citizens of France!"

"I do not for one moment hesitate to say, that an indictment on the score of piracy and mutiny would have been more successfully maintained than an accusation of murder; but in the former, as in this latter case, we should haply have found arguments competent to refute the reasoning of the public minister."

The defence was now concluded; and when Charles Servigné sate down almost exhausted, the hall rang with the applauding shouts of the audience, and the crowds on the Grande Place exclaimed unanimously, "He is saved! he is saved!" The tidings of Servigné's eloquent defence had indeed spread like wildfire.

The king's procurator rose to reply; and a death-like silence reigned throughout the hall.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said M. de Ruysan, "I will freely admit that the several clauses of an indictment have never been more successfully refuted than in the present instance. But, at the same time, the reasoning of M. Charles Servigné is not conclusive. The instrument that was yesterday laid before the jury is in some degree dissimilar to the one which was found on the person of M. de Durantal. The latter is not tinged with the colour of the poison, in which it had evidently been dipped, on the diminutive surface left bare by the fracture, and to which the broken piece exactly fits; whereas the other is coloured in that particular spot;"—and as he uttered these words, M. de Ruysan handed the two instruments to the clerk, who passed them on to the jury.

While those twelve judges of the guilt or innocence of M. de Durantal were occupied, one after another, in strict and close examination of the two poisoned instruments, the king's procurator requested the president to send for two chemists and two naturalists, in order that the aforesaid instruments might be submitted to their inspection.

The trial was accordingly suspended for a short time ; and, during the interval that elapsed ere it was resumed, M. de Ruysan received a letter which appeared to excite an extraordinary degree of emotion in his breast.

"This is most important," said the public minister, passing the letter to the president ; "for by that epistle I am informed, by the procurator-general of the department, that the stranger—the individual who penetrated with the package into the chamber of the marquis of Saint André, and on whom M. Servigné in his able defence threw the imputation of the murder—that stranger will be forthcoming as a witness to-morrow morning. As yet I am totally at a loss to conjecture whether his evidence will be favourable or injurious to the prisoner's cause ; but the ends of justice must be aided on the one hand, and the accused must not be despoiled of a single chance of escape on the other. I accordingly require that the cause may be adjourned until to-morrow."

This request was immediately complied with, and M. de Durantal was condemned to another night of uncertainty and doubt.

On the following morning the court was, if possible, more crowded than on the preceding days of the trial. The chemists made their report, which was to the effect that the poison in which M. de Durantal's instrument had been dipped, was entirely unknown to them ; but that the venom of the other was a certain combination with which they were perfectly familiar. The naturalists then deposed, that the bone, of which the former was composed, belonged to a fish with which they were not acquainted ; but that the latter was made of a bone taken from a salmon, and had even been cut and modified by certain sharp tools.

No sooner was this evidence disposed of, than the stranger, whose testimony was deemed to be so important, appeared in the witness-box. To this individual every eye was now turned ; and it was speedily ascertained that he was the same "short and fat person" described by the porter and *valet-de-chambre* of the Bishop of A——y.

The witness, upon being questioned by the president, declared that he was a native of Auvergne, that his name was Jean Gratinat, and that he resided in the mountains of Cantal.

"Were you ever at A——y?" inquired the president.

"I lived there six months," was the reply.

"What did you go to A——y for?"

"To earn my livelihood."

"And wherefore did you leave A——y in six months?"

"Because I made my fortune, Sir."

"In what manner?"

"A gentleman gave me four hundred and fifty pounds, and sent me back to my native place in his own carriage, for having carried a parcel to the bishop's palace."

"And nothing else?" enquired the president.

"Merely for having told him where a certain room was situate," answered the witness.

A profound terror reigned throughout the hall ; and Charles Servigné himself appeared overcome by this damning evidence.

"Should you recognise the gentleman who gave you the money, if you were to see him?" continued the president.

"Yes, Sir," was the answer.

"Is it the prisoner?"

"No."

A murmur of astonishment ran through the court.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"Perfectly well."

"How came you to know him?"

"It was he who promised me the reward—he gave me the parcel to carry into the palace—he enabled me to marry the girl that I loved—he is my benefactor, the author of my prosperity."

The witness was dismissed, and the king's procurator, rising to sustain the accusation, spoke with a facility and eloquence worthy of Charles Servigné himself. Charles replied to the arguments adduced by the public minister; but his defence was no longer based upon logical principles—it was specious and metaphysical. The president then summed up the evidence with impartiality and talent, and placed the question in a manner perfectly comprehensible to the meanest capacity. The jury accordingly retired, and deliberated upon their verdict upwards of four hours and a half. At the termination of that period they returned into court, and never was suspense more acute—never was anxiety more terrible than in that moment.

The foreman of the jury rose, and declared, in the form prescribed by the criminal code, that the unanimous verdict of the jury was—*Guilty!*

M. de Durantal was accordingly condemned to suffer the penalty of death by decapitation.

When the awful sentence of the law had been pronounced by the president in solemn and befitting terms, the prisoner rose, and addressed the jury as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, if by accident one single shadow of doubt as to my guilt remained upon your minds, let me disperse it by declaring, in the face of God and my fellow-creatures, that your verdict was a just decision. I acknowledge myself to be the murderer of the marquis of Saint André; and, having now made my peace with the world, may Heaven pardon me!"

THE DIVINITIES OF FRANCE.

GLORY! daughter of our land,
Hark! your elder sister calls!
You and Freedom, hand in hand,
Reign within these city-walls!
Glory! high thy banner's streaming—
Liberty! thy beacon's beaming:
This we bear unto the war—
That will light us from afar;
But in the splendour of the last,
The former's gorgeous hues are past!

VICTOR HUGO.

MR. S. T. COLERIDGE, DR. R. SOUTHEY, AND
MR. PROFESSOR PORSON.

[No. III.—Continued from Magazine for March 1838.]

IN Moore's "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron," 1830, 4to. vol. i. p. 470, is the following. A. D. 1830. Journal begun Nov. 14, 1813; between "Dec. 17, 18," there are no dates until "Jan. 16, 1814;" and between these dates is the extract:—"I have lately written a wild, rambling, unfinished rhapsody, called 'The Devil's Drive,'* the notion of which I took from Porson's 'Devil's Walk.'"

Mr. H. W. Montagu, in his edition of the "Devil's Walk," p. 11, ed. 2, has quoted the following stanza:—

"The Devil returned to Hell by two,
And staid at home till five,
When he dined on a homicide done in ragout,
And a rebel or so in an Irish stew,
And sausages made of a half-slain Jew,
And bethought himself what next to do,—
And quoth he,—'I'll take a drive,
I walk'd in the morning,—I'll ride to-night,
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.'"

In the *John Bull*, Jan. 31, 1830, is the following among *Notices to Correspondents*: "The *Devil's Walk*, mentioned by Mr. Moore, in 'Byron's Life,' as Coleridge's, is, as we believe, Mr. Southey's, although the world generally attributed it to Porson." The affiliation to Southey is here put forth with more becoming modesty than in the subsequent notices by the same periodical. In the *John Bull*, Feb. 14, 1830, we have these words:—

"In the *Morning Post* of Tuesday we find the following letter:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

"SIR,—Permit me to correct a statement, which appeared in a recent number of the *John Bull*, wherein it is made to appear that DR. SOUTHEY is the author of the Poem entitled *The Devil's Walk*. I have the means of settling this question, since I possess the identical MS. copy of verses, as they were written by my uncle, the late Professor PORSON, during an evening-party at DR. BELOE'S.—I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

'R. C. PORSON.

'Bayswater Terrace, Feb. 6, 1830.'

* "Of this strange wild Poem," says Moore, "which extends to about 250 lines, the only copy that Lord Byron, I believe, ever wrote, he presented to Lord Holland. Though with a good deal of vigour and imagination, it is for the most part rather clumsily executed, wanting the point and condensation of those clever verses of Mr. Coleridge, which Lord Byron, adopting a notion long prevalent, has attributed to Professor Porson. There are, however, some of the stanzas of the 'Devil's Drive' well worth preserving."

"We are quite sure that MR. PORSON, the writer of the above letter, is convinced of the truth of the statement it contains; but although '*The Devil's Walk*' is perhaps not a work, of which either MR. SOUTHEY or MR. PORSON need be very proud, we feel it due to ourselves to re-state the FACT of its being from the pen of MR. SOUTHEY. If we are wrong, MR. PORSON may apply to MR. SOUTHEY, for although MR. PORSON's eminent uncle is dead, the Poet Laureate is alive and merry.

"The Lines—Poem they can scarcely be called—were written by MR. SOUTHEY one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him, while he was shaving,—they were subsequently shown to MR. COLERIDGE, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two. We beg to assure MR. R. C. PORSON that we recur to this matter out of no disrespect either to the memory of his uncle, which is not likely to be affected, one way or another, by the circumstance, or to his own veracity, being, as we said, quite assured that he believes the statement he makes,—our only object is to set ourselves right. Our readers, perhaps, may smile at the following, which appears in yesterday's *Court Journal*:—

From The Court Journal, February 13, 1830.

" 'CORRESPONDENCE.

" 'We have received a letter signed 'W. Marshall,' and dated 'York,' claiming for its writer, the long contested authorship of those celebrated verses, which are known by the title of '*The Devil's Walk on Earth*,' and to which attention has lately been directed anew, by Lord Byron's imitation of them.'

"There have been so many mystifications connected with the authorship of these clever verses, that, for any thing we know to the contrary, this letter may be only one more."

1. The *John Bull* here speaks in the *most* positive manner as to the authorship of Southey, using the word *fact*; 2. he says that the lines are "perhaps not a work, of which either Mr. Southey or Mr. Porson need be very proud," but on Jan. 7, 1838, he writes,—"*The poem, as originally written, we must say we much more admire than that which now appears with very considerable additions;*" Southey evidently plumes himself on them, and Coleridge was not indifferent to the claim of authorship, while Moore speaks of the "point and condensation of those clever verses." 3. With respect to Mr. R. C. Porson, who styles himself a *nephew* of the late Professor Porson, we beg to state that Porson had no such nephew, but *two nephews* named Hawes are still living, one at Coltishall in Norfolk, the other in the state of New York, and he had no other nephew who grew to maturity. This R. C. Porson is not even known at *Bayswater Terrace*, whence he dates his letter,—we have written to inquire, and we wrote to the man himself, but the note has been returned through the post-office, "Not known in Bayswater-Terrace;" this worthy anonym or pseudonym has made a slight mistake in his assumption of a name,—he should have written *Pawson*, and then the *Herald's College*, which can of course go "*higher*" than "*Bourbon or Nassau*," (to use

an expression of Prior,) would have traced his genealogy to that all-perfect scoundrel, noticed in the *Acharnenses* of Aristophanes, Παύσων ὁ παμπόνηρος! 4. The *Court Journal* was quite right in its surmises.

In the *John Bull*, Feb. 21, 1830, is the following among *Notices to Correspondents* :—

“We cannot waste any more time about the ‘Devil’s Walk.’ We happen to know that it is MR. SOUTHEY’S; but, as he is alive, we refer any body, who is not yet satisfied, to the eminent person himself,—we do not mean the Devil, but the Doctor.”

It is very amusing to observe the ascending scale of the *John Bull*; he advances rapidly from “belief” to “fact,” from “fact” to “knowledge;” his fall will be the heavier,

tolluntur in altum

Ut lapsu graviore cadant.

In the *John Bull*, Feb. 4, 1838, we have this further notice :—

“We see another volume of Mr. Southey’s works, which still continue to attract and charm, and we also see in the *Monthly Magazine* a statement relative to the *Devil’s Walk*, in which we, as well as Mr. Southey himself, are implicated. From the lateness in the week, at which we saw this work, we are obliged to delay till next number a notice of the paper, which it contains, and which really mystifies us on account of some very particular circumstances connected with ourselves personally, as to the ‘identity’ of the author; but, perhaps, after what Mr. Southey himself has said, we need not say much more. However, in our next Number we shall be able to put the matter clear as far as we are concerned, although we must admit that looking to the evidence of Mr. Coleridge’s autograph, Mr. Barker is completely justified in his statement; the case at all events is one now of ‘Coleridge v. Southey.’”

Seven Nos. of the *John Bull* have since appeared; the controversy is not adverted to in either No., but in the latter we find the following facetious and ingenious verses, which show that the subject had not quite dropped from the mind of the editor :—

“ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO THE ‘DEVIL’S WALK.’

‘I always said the first Whig was the Devil.’—DR. JOHNSON.

“As he pac’d to and fro, before Somerset House,
He thought of the Poor Law’s severity—
At the bastardy clause, and the diet scale,
He grinn’d with delight, and he wagg’d his tail,
And marvell’d to see such temerity.

“He saw ten suicide paupers die,
And infants murder’d cruelly,
The bonds of affection rudely torn,
The sacred tie held up to scorn,
And the aged and sick left quite forlorn,
In hunger cursing the day they were born.

“O, ho! quoth the Devil, in savage glee,
At last they’ve discover’d a wrinkle for me,

I like it so well,
 I'll transplant it to H—ll,
 The *Bill*, and the Board of Commissioners *three*."

"J. H. H."

We do not, however, agree with the Journalist in thinking, for reasons which will be presently given, that Southey *has* cleared up the matter of authorship.

The *John Bull* on Jan. 7, 1838 (as quoted in our last *Magazine*), states that he copied the lines from an original MS., and we must *presume* that he means an autograph by Southey himself. But with all due respect we beg to assure him that this is no positive evidence whatever of authorship, and does not afford even a presumption of authorship, as will appear from the following extract:—

In Captain Medwin's "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron," 1824, 4to., vol. i., p. 114, his Lordship is represented in an after-dinner conversation, as reciting Wolfe's *Ode on Sir John Moore's Burial*, but the author's name did not escape, probably from no one present knowing. Mr. Shelley and the captain appear to have been present:—"I should have taken," said Shelley, "the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's." "No," replied Lord Byron, "Campbell would have claimed it, if it had been his." "I afterwards," says Captain Medwin, "had reason to think that the *Ode* was Lord Byron's. I am corroborated in this opinion lately by a lady, whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron in his lordship's own handwriting."

His lordship's indisposition to appropriate the labours of others, appears from the following extract from the second edition of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

"In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, *fourteen* lines on the subject of Bowles's *Pope* were written and inserted at the request of an ingenious friend of mine, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead, my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner, a determination not to publish with my name any production, which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition."

The following notices will shed further light on this topic, while they will suggest some useful hints to those, who declare a "belief,"—state as a "fact,"—proclaim as "knowledge."

Boswell in his *Life of Dr. Johnson* says:—"The *filiation* of a literary performance is difficult of proof; seldom is there any witness present at its birth. A man, either in confidence or by improper means, obtains possession of a copy of it in manuscript, and boldly publishes it as his own. The true author, in many cases, may not be able to make his title clear."

"Rolt, who wrote a great deal for the booksellers, was, as Johnson told me, a singular character. Though not in the least acquainted with him, he used to say, 'I am just come from Sam Johnson.' This was a sufficient specimen of his vanity and impudence. But he gave a more eminent proof of it in our sister kingdom, as Dr.

Johnson informed me. When Akenside's 'Pleasures of the Imagination' first came out, he did not put his name to the poem. Rolt went over to Dublin, published an edition of it, and put his own name to it. Upon the fame of this he lived for several months, being entertained at the best tables as 'the ingenious Mr. Rolt.' His conversation, indeed, did not discover much of the fire of a poet; but it was recollected that both Addison and Thomson were equally dull till excited by wine. Akenside having been informed of this imposition, vindicated his right by publishing the poem with its real author's name."

Boswell in a note adds: "I have had inquiry made in Ireland as to this story, but do not find it recollected there. I give it on the authority of Dr. Johnson, to which may be added, that of the 'Biographical Dictionary,' and 'Biographia Dramatica;' in both of which it has stood many years. Mr. Malone observes, that the truth probably is, not that an edition was published with Rolt's name in the title-page, but that the poem being then anonymous, Rolt acquiesced in its being attributed to him in conversation."

Croker in a note states: "In the late edition of the 'Biographical Dictionary,' the foregoing story is indeed noticed, but with an observation, that it has been *completely refuted*."

"The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of St. Andrew's, wrote 'An Inquiry into the Original of Moral Virtue,' the manuscript of which he sent to Mr. Innes, a clergyman in England, who was his countryman and acquaintance. Innes published it with his own name to it, and before the imposition was discovered, obtained considerable promotion as a reward of his merit." Boswell adds in a note: "I have both the books. Innes was the clergyman, who brought Psalmanazar to England, and was an accomplice in his extraordinary fiction."

More on this subject, and on Innes in particular, is to be found in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

"The celebrated Dr. H. Blair, and his cousin Mr. George Ballantine, when students in divinity, wrote a poem entitled 'The Resurrection,' copies of which were handed about in manuscript. They were at length very much surprised to see a pompous edition of it in folio, dedicated to the Princess Dowager of Wales by a Dr. Douglas as his own."

"Some years ago a little novel, entitled 'The Man of Feeling,' was assumed by Mr. Eccles, a young Irish clergyman, who was afterwards drowned near Bath. He had been at the pains to transcribe the whole book, with blottings, interlineations, and corrections, that it might be shown to several people as an original. It was, in truth, the production of Mr. Henry Mackenzie, an attorney in the Exchequer at Edinburgh, who is the author of several other ingenious pieces; but the belief with regard to Mr. Eccles became so general that it was thought necessary for Messrs. Strahan and Cadell to publish an advertisement in the newspapers, contradicting the report, and mentioning that they purchased the copyright of Mr. Mackenzie."

J. W. Croker's Edit. 1831, vol. i. pp. 349—351.

The death of Eccles is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1777, and in the number for September we have "a copy

of verses composed on viewing the turfless grave of the Rev. Mr. Eccles, who fatally and fruitlessly lost his own life in humanely endeavouring to save a drowning youth in the river Avon." We have also his *Epitaph*, beginning:—

"Beneath this stone the *Man of Feeling* lies,
Humanity had marked him for her own;
His virtues raised him to his native skies,
Ere half his merit to the world was known."

He showed more *good feeling*, certainly, in the attempt to save the hapless youth from drowning, than honesty in the attempt to appropriate the *Man of Feeling*; and if the *merit* of the one action raised him to the *skies*, the *demerit* of the other action might have entitled him to a *less elevated* position; at all events his monument should not lift its head, and at the same time *lie*!

In Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, prefixed to his edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1830, p. 93, he gives an account of a charge of plagiarism then lately made (in some London Journal), against Bunyan as the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and asserting it to be a translation, and that the writer had himself seen a copy in the Dutch language, printed long previous to Bunyan's time. Southey then says:—"It would indeed be as impossible for me to believe that Bunyan did not write the *Pilgrim's Progress*, as that Porson did write a certain copy of verses entitled the *Devil's Thoughts*."

The person entitled to the honour of being the first plagiarist on record, is Thestorides; we are told, that "wherever Homer went, he recited his verses, which were universally admired except at Smyrna, where he was a prophet in his own country; at Phocæa, a schoolmaster of the name of Thestorides obtained from Homer a copy of his poetry, and then sailed to Chios, and cited the *Homeric verses as his own*. Homer followed, was rescued by Glaucus, a goat-herd, from the attack of his dogs, and brought by him to Bolissus, a town of Chios, where he resided a long time in the possession of wealth, and a splendid reputation; Thestorides left the island on Homer's arrival."—*Barker's Third Edition of Lempriere—Art. Homer*.

Before we come to discuss the conduct of Southey himself, and dismiss *John Bull* from further attendance, we will delicately inquire how it came to pass that *John Bull*, with his fine large *bull's eyes* (a very good match for the *cow-eyed Juno*, *Εὐωπὶς πόρνια Ἥρη*, in the Homeric poems), could not see in Mr. H. W. Montagu's *second* edition of 1832, a distinct statement on Coleridge's own authority, directly communicated to the editor by Coleridge himself, of the four stanzas written by Southey, and of Coleridge's own claims to the remaining stanzas of the original poem? We have seldom known an instance of any writer, whether periodical journalist or regular author, shutting his eyes to the truth, which lay before him and around him, and reiterating for the *fourth* or *fifth* time assertions, which were destitute of fact, and dependent only on the vague information of a friend, to whom he refers, and on the erroneous conclusions which he draws from it.

Southey, in publishing the *Devi's Walk*, prefixes the following "*Advertisement*" to it:—

"After the *Devil's Thoughts* had been published by Mr. Coleridge in the collection of his *Poetical Works*, and the statement, with which he accompanied it, it might have been supposed that the joint authorship of that Siamese production had been sufficiently authenticated, and that no supposititious claim to it would be again advanced. The following extract, however, appeared in the *John Bull* of Feb. 14, 1830." [The extracts have been already given in the course of this article.] "The same newspaper contained the ensuing *Advertisement*,—'On Tuesday next, uniform with Robert Cruikshank's *Monsieur Tonson*, price one shilling, *The Devil's Walk*, a poem by Professor Porson, with Additions and Variations by Southey and Coleridge, Illustrated by Seven Engravings from R. Cruikshank. London: Marsh and Miller, 137, Oxford Street; and Constable and Co. Edinburgh.'

"Professor Porson never had any part in these verses as a *writer*, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the *subject* of two or three stanzas written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening-party at Dr. Vincent's (for that was the original *habitat* of this falsehood) was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more jealous (*zealous*) for him than he has ever been for himself, urged him then to put the matter out of doubt, (for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so); and as much to please that friend, as to amuse himself and his domestic circle, in a sportive mood, the part which relates the rise and progress of the poem was thrown off, and that also touching the aforesaid professor. The old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added, and so it grew to its present length."

1. Southey here admits the "joint authorship of that Siamese production," and though he refers to Coleridge's statement "in the collection of his *Poetical Works*," does not do, as Coleridge himself did, point out distinctly to his readers what stanzas were written by Coleridge; and while Southey has swelled the poem from *seventeen* to *fifty-seven* stanzas, intermingling his own views of politics and religion, and diffusing, in scandalous personalities, the acridness of his own *virus* over them, did it never once occur to him, *proh Deum hominumque fidem!* that he was with deplorable impropriety making the name and fame of Coleridge responsible for opinions which Coleridge might not have held?

2. As Southey quotes the *John Bull* without note or comment, he must be bound by its facts and statements. Now we have in it these words,—"These lines (poem they can scarcely be called), were written by Mr. Southey one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while he was shaving,—they were SUBSEQUENTLY shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, POINTED some of the stanzas, and PERHAPS added one or two." This extraordinary statement, made by the *John Bull*, Feb. 14, 1830, is at *complete* variance with the statement by Coleridge himself, made in 1817, 1829, and 1834, (and also in the *Letter* to H. W. Montagu in 1830,) who expressly declares how many stanzas were written by *each*, and who

says not a syllable about *pointing* any of them ; and does not Southey perceive that, while he refers to Coleridge's statement for the fact of the "joint-authorship," he has committed a sad breach of decency and honour in allowing the notoriously false statement of the *John Bull* to pass without a flat and authoritative and decisive contradiction ?

3. As Southey is equally silent about the statement of the *John Bull*, that the idea struck Southey one morning before breakfast, while he was shaving, he must be considered as sanctioning the statement, and this he does in *part* too by the following, which form stanzas 36—40 in the *fifty-seven* :—

Therewith in second sight he saw
The place and the manner and time,
In which this mortal story
Would be put in immortal rhyme.

That it would happen when two poets
Should on a time be met,
In the town of Nether Stowey,
In the shire of Somerset.

There, while the one was shaving,
Would he the song begin ;
And the other, when he heard it at breakfast,
In ready accord join in.

So each would help the other,
Two heads being better than one ;
And the phrase and conceit
Would in unison meet,
And so with glee the verse flow free,
In ding-dong chime of sing-song rhyme,
Till the whole were merrily done.

And because it was set to the razor,
Not to the lute or harp,
Therefore it was that the fancy
Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

This statement is itself at variance with the statement of the *John Bull*, which Southey quotes without censure, and which avers that the matter was written down and then shown to Coleridge, whereas Southey affirms that he merely conceived the idea, and began the lines, while he was shaving, and that the poem was continued and completed at the breakfast-table, between himself and Coleridge.

4. Both the *John Bull* and Southey treat R. C. Porson as a *real* personage, whereas there is no such individual in existence, as we have shown.

5. Southey admits that he wrote the additional stanzas about Porson in 1830, when the pretended nephew of Porson claimed them as the composition of his uncle, and it is rather an *awkward* and 'untoward' fact, that he should *from that time* have treasured up the erroneous statements of the *John Bull* without ever in the interim taking the smallest pains to set him or the public right about the

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facts! And here let us ask which of the two is the *bigger* culprit, Porson, whose pretended nephew *twenty-two years after his death* claims the verses for his uncle,—or Southey, who suffers *John Bull* to be under a heavy mistake, and to be the promulgator of repeated error for *eight years*? For there is not a tittle of evidence to show that Porson ever himself claimed the verses, or even silently acquiesced in their attribution to himself. Southey, it seems, though a rampant and virulent defender of the Established Church, has no objection to a “snug little” *Appropriation-Clause*!

We shall, in our next Number, lay before our readers the acute and elaborate strictures of a friend, who has carefully investigated the subject.

E. H. BARKER.

THE PENSIVE ONE.

THE sun's departing ray glows on the panes
Of yonder lattice, opened to the breeze :—
The stillness of a summer's balmy air
According with the pensive mood of one
Who feels its gentle impulse, and partakes
Of all the deep-felt bliss such hours impart.
With head reclining on her small white hand,
Her fingers by those shining tresses hid
Of silken texture, and of auburn hue,
Luxuriantly flowing o'er a neck
Of swan-like grace, and as the lily fair,
Her mild blue eyes in contemplation fixed,
And o'er her placid features a soft light,
In undulating play, revealing oft
A forehead high and pale, bright gleaming o'er
Those brows full arched and perfectly defined,
Communing with her own pure thoughts,—she sits.
There is in sadness a mysterious charm,
A sweet contagion spreading through the soul.
Thought sits enthroned upon that lofty brow,
Subdued by feeling to a tender tone,
Which vibrates through the heart, and gently wakes,
Responsive, all the chords of sympathy,
Until in one soft, full mellifluous flow
They blend in thrilling unison, and make
The harmony of souls attuned for heaven!

R. S.

ON THE CAUSES WHICH PRODUCE ATMOSPHERICAL
PHENOMENA. BY LIEUTENANT MORRISON, R. N.,
AUTHOR OF THE METEOROLOGICAL ALMANAC.

THE attention of men of learning equally with that of the multitude, has been called to the question of the causes of atmospherical changes in all ages and in all countries; but to this day no important progress has been effected in meteorology; and it may be doubted whether more be now known of the cause of a change from fair to foul weather, or the reverse, than was known in the days of Kepler. While all the other sciences have made rapid strides, meteorology alone has remained stationary; a fact which can only be accounted for on the supposition of the true principle of atmospherical phenomena being totally misunderstood. Innumerable facts have been observed, extremely ingenious instruments have been invented to effect the record of those facts; yet are we as far from being able to foresee the coming storm, even for a few days, as were the philosophers of Greece or Rome.

It was for ages believed that all the bodies of the solar system produced effects upon this earth; but as no intelligent description of the mode in which these effects were produced could be given, this belief became extinct. As the planet Herschel was not then known to exist, it follows that if such a belief were correct, numerous errors must have arisen from the effects that planet would produce either concurring with or opposing those of the other bodies; whence it is evident that to give a fair consideration to the question of planetary influence on the atmosphere of this earth, it would be necessary to include in our observations the results (if any) of the effects of the planet Herschel. This has never yet been done, I believe, until I published accounts of the "Rise and Fall of the Mean Temperature on the days when the sun was in exact aspect to *Herschel*, during four years, registered at Edmonton and Cheltenham,"* and other similar tables; by which (among other analogous facts) I showed that on sixteen occasions, the Sun being in exact aspect with *Herschel*, the mean temperature, at each of those places *fell* 52.25° , while on fourteen occasions of the Sun being in aspect with the planet Jupiter, the mean temperature *rose* 41° ; thus demonstrating a manifest *difference* in the effects of those planets, if they have any effect at all. Without stopping to inquire whether it be of slow or rapid growth, we may admit that a very general prejudice exists against the idea of the sun, moon, and planets, having combined powers by which they act upon our atmosphere. Ignorance is the progenitor of prejudice; and we may judge of the extent of the latter by observing the intensity of the former. Throughout all classes of society, and over the breadth and length of the land, a gloomy ignorance prevails on the subject of astronomy. Few even of those who have received a university education, have more than a common-place knowledge of physical astronomy, their utmost attainments being in general confined to a few mathe-

* In the Meteorological Almanac for 1837.

matical rules for solving the ordinary problems of spherical admeasurement. But as to the position of the Globe on which he lives, at any particular period, among the other bodies of the solar system, as to the vast dimensions, the stupendous velocity of those bodies, or the daily and hourly changes taking place in their respective situations relative to this earth, scarcely a man in a million has the least notion or idea. This ignorance is, if possible, more mischievous among those who are in some points well informed, than among the entirely ignorant. Talk to a man who attends some literary institution, and has a smattering of Geology, Chronology, Enterology, and probably half a dozen other "ologies," of the rapid motion of the Earth through space; mention that it moves along, with all its seas and lands, men and mountains, ships and cities, with a never tiring energy, at the rate of above a thousand miles in one minute, and that it accomplishes a journey of above one million six hundred thousand miles in twenty-four hours; and he will generally stare at you with astonishment. And no men are (as a body) more ignorant of the physical circumstances of the solar system, than those who, filling the situation of *Newspaper* editors, and *Magazine contributors*, are looked up to by the public for critical guidance. The blind lead the blind, and the consequence is obvious. The mode of education among the ancients was in many points more rational than that of modern teachers. Without going back to such teachers as Plato, Socrates, or Porphyry, who made a knowledge of physical astronomy one of the bases of education, I may mention that in our own land, in the seventeenth century, there was a far more general acquaintance with the principles of astronomy than exists at present. We have refined upon the modes of calculation, we have carried to the highest point the niceties of analysis, yet we are still in the dark as to whether the fixed stars have or have not a parallax; hence we know not whether they be comparatively close to our system, or at a distance inconceivably great. But those points may be said to befit professional astronomers only; still there is a general ignorance of even the plainest facts, such as that this earth is a mere point compared with the sun, that Jupiter is 1300 times the size of our planet, and that 2380 such earths would not equal *three* of the other bodies which revolve with it around the sun. Nor are the plainest problems, though of practical utility, a jot better taught at our schools. If a youth from school, or even from college, be asked at what time the moon rises on any day, he flies to the *almanac* for information; not having the slightest idea of taking his pen to make the calculation. Why? because he has never learned the process, and knows nothing of the problem.

In the midst of this ignorance of, and inattention to, astronomy, it is not surprising that a feeling of scepticism, incredulity, in short, prejudiced determination against the possibility of any effect being produced on this earth by the various positions it occupies among the other bodies of the system, should prevail. It would be curious if it did not. It is indeed granted that the moon, when passing between the earth and sun (at new moon), may affect our atmosphere. But, if the moon may have such an effect in that situation, why not the planet Mercury, which is vastly larger than the moon? why not the

planet Venus, which is about fifty times the bulk of the moon? Whoever observes, will find the weather remarkably affected at those periods.

If the earth be really affected by the moon at the conjunction, there can be no doubt that it is through the ethereal fluid * in which they float; since no distant body whatever can at all affect another body, unless there be some medium through which it acts: for *nothing can act where it is not*. The moon is not in contact with the earth, and could not possibly act upon it, if there existed *nothing* between them, as a medium of that action. But there is no doubt the moon does act upon the earth, hence there is a medium; and that same medium exists between the Earth, Mercury, Mars, Venus, &c.; if also the moon act upon the earth when between it and the sun, there must be a *mutual* action; the Moon herself must be acted upon at the time in some degree, and therefore, a similar action must go on when it is *the earth which is the central body, as at the full moon*.

If these positions be granted, there will be little difficulty in concluding, that whatever action exists between the earth and moon, it is at a maximum at the syzyges, and at a minimum at the quadratures. And, therefore, its *mean intensity* will be when the moon is found exactly midway between those positions; in other words, forming angles of 45° or 135° from the sun; which are the semi-square and sesqui-square aspects. If this be so, a *change* in the condition of the atmosphere should occur at those periods; and this will be found, almost invariably, to be the case.

As the size of the Moon ($\frac{1}{10}$ of the Earth) does not prevent her action at the distance of 237,000 miles, so the distance of Saturn, which is about 3824 times as great, does not prevent his action on the Earth, because of his vast bulk, which is 49,000 times that of the Moon. Yet whatever reason there be to conclude that the other bodies of our system act upon the earth according to the laws of gravity, we have reason to believe that *other* laws exist also, which seem to be connected with the *positions* they hold among each other. These laws may depend on the disturbances produced in the undulatory fluxes of light and electricity from the sun to all the bodies of the system.†

The position of three or more bodies, the sun, the earth, and a planet or two, in a right line, may well be conceived capable of a powerful effect, if we consider the sun as the *source* of light and electricity; for a slight attention to the laws of the Electricity of Induction will show that every change from the position of a straight line of any one of the bodies, will produce a powerful effect in the state of its electricity and that of all the others. Now the planets are *always* either in a straight line with the sun and the earth, or

* "The theory of the existence of an ethereal substance pervading space, penetrating all material bodies, and occupying the interstices between their molecules. I consider perfectly sustained, and that *light*, or its constituents, in their molecular state, is that ethereal substance."—*Kyan on the Elements of Light*, p. 40.

† The light from the sun reaches the planet Herschel (a distance of 1,822,000,000 miles), and is reflected back to our earth in about four hours and forty minutes from the time it leaves the sun.

approaching to, or removing from, that position. Hence changes in the electrical condition of the earth *must* be perpetually going on, if we will only allow that the electric fluid emanates from the sun; which as we know that *light* does so, and as we know also that light and electricity are intimately connected with each other, becomes at least *in the highest degree probable*.* We have only then to connect the changes in the electricity of the atmosphere with the changes above described, and with the variations in its pressure, temperature, &c., and we find no link wanting in the chain of evidence which demonstrates that the phenomena of our atmosphere are produced by solar, lunar, and planetary action. The *mode* by which these bodies act upon our earth is a highly important and interesting question; but it were mere idleness to enter upon that enquiry until we have first satisfactorily determined the *fact*. It is too much the failing of modern philosophers to set about examining the *causes* of facts, the very existence of which facts is still open to be disputed.

ON THE CONJUNCTIONS AND OPPOSITIONS OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

* If three bodies (the sun, earth, and a planet, for instance) be all so situated that a straight line would extend from the centre of one of the three, and pass through the others, then from either of the outside bodies, the other two will appear in *conjunction*; and from the centre body, the other two will appear in *opposition*. Thus let $\begin{smallmatrix} o & o & o \\ a & b & c \end{smallmatrix}$ be the three bodies, then a spectator in *a*, will perceive *b* and *c* in conjunction, that is, conjoined in the line of vision; also a spectator in *c* will perceive the same thing as regards *b* and *a*. But a spectator in *b* will perceive *a* and *c* in the *opposite* lines of vision, and they may be said to be in *opposition*.† Herein lies the whole mystery of planetary *aspects*; for if we substitute for the letters $\odot \ \mathfrak{D} \ \ominus$ the Sun, Moon, and Earth, we find that a person in \ominus will see $\odot \ \mathfrak{D}$ in *conjunction*; and if $\odot \ \ominus \ \mathfrak{D}$ be the positions of the three bodies, the spectator in \ominus will see \odot and \mathfrak{D} in opposite directions, that is, in *opposition*. And as \mathfrak{D} moves from conjunction to opposition, she forms all the other aspects as she increases her angular distance from \odot to its maximum 90° , a square aspect, and again diminishes it till she fall into the *same line with the sun at the opposition*.

This position of the *three* bodies, sun, earth, and planet, in a right line, is with the inferior planets, Mercury and Venus, a *conjunction*;

* "The undulatory system may convey the idea, that the compound spherical atoms of light continue to *pervade* our atmosphere, and the entire intervening space between our earth and the sun, and all other heavenly bodies."—*Kyan on the Elements of Light*, p. 68.

† See the Diagram of the Aspects in the Meteorological Almanac for 1837. The following are the *aspects*:—Conjunction, or the same place—Sextile, 60 degrees distant; Square, 90 do.; Trine, 120 do.; Opposition, 180 do.; Semi-sextile, 30 do.; Semi-square, 45 do.; Sesqui-square, 135 do., or four signs and a half distant. Also the Parallel Declination, or equal distance from the equator, is found to have effect equal to any aspect.

but with the superior planets, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel, sometimes a *conjunction*, and at others an *opposition*. And it is at these times that the greatest *disturbance* in the atmosphere is observable, especially at the opposition, when they are at their nearest distance from the earth. The difference as regards the two nearest, Mars and Venus, is very remarkable; the maximum distance of Venus from the Earth being 166,000,000 of miles, and her minimum distance only 24,000,000; and those of Mars, maximum 255,000,000, minimum 35,000,000; the greatest distance being in each case about seven times that of the least. The greatest effects appear to be produced when the superiors are near the opposition of the Sun, and are at the time *stationary*. The periods of the planetary conjunctions *with the Sun* are nearly as follows:—Herschel, Saturn, and Jupiter, are with the Sun once in each year; Mars once in two years; Venus in about a year and a half only; Mercury once in two months. Persons who desire fairly to decide by their own observation whether the *principle* I contend for, planetary action on the atmosphere, be a reality or not, will do well to note the periods of the Sun being conjoined with the planets, and observe whether at those periods the results pointed out in these observations do really occur. If they find that the temperature, for instance, when the Sun is with Herschel, or Saturn, is extremely *low*, and when with Mars* or Jupiter equally *high*, and that when Venus and the Sun are together, the air is cloudy and the fall of rain excessive; also that when Mercury passes the Sun there is always more or less of rain and wind, they will be unable to deny the *facts*. And, if these facts *really* exist, they must be accepted as the foundation of the principle of planetary influence or action—be its *mode* of action what it may.

ON THE ASPECTS OF THE SUN WITH HERSCHEL.

The general effects are, increased cold, severe frost, and in winter, snow, but a bright air and clear weather prevail; though many sudden changes generally take place within a day or two of the aspect being found. In summer, thunder storms.

Among the most remarkable cases last year (1837) of these effects, I would refer to the periods when the Sun gained the declination of Herschel on the 18th of February, the conjunction on the 23rd, the semi-sextile on the 24th of March, the semi-square on the 11th of April, the quintile on the 10th of May, the square on the 31st of May, the trine on the 2nd of July, the parallel again on the 28th of August, and the sesqui-square on the 15th of October. At all these periods there were *sharp frosts*; and even in the middle of May the thermometer fell ten degrees below the freezing point. By a glance at the following table the extreme severity of the weather in April and May, and even in August, when Mr. Howard says there are “no frosty nights,” will be very apparent.

* Until the conjunction be *past*, when the cold increases in the winter time.

TABLE

OF THE

MINIMUM TEMPERATURE AT EDMONTON DURING 76 DAYS

IN 1837,

WITH THE ASPECTS FORMED BY THE SUN, TO HERSCHEL AND JUPITER.

Date, 1837.	Aspect of Herschel	Minimum of Therm.	Date, 1837.	Aspect of Jupiter.	Minimum of Therm.
Janry. 6	Semi-square	33	Janry. 30	Parallel	33
7		25	31		33
8		31	Feb. 1		33
19	Semi-sextile	30	2	Opposition	36
20		30	3		34
21		33	March 15	Sesqui-square	30
Feb. 18	Parallel	27	16		31
19		28	17		31
20		34	28	Trine	37
23	Conjunction	29	29		31
24		27	30		29
25		25	April 29	Square	43
March 23	Semi-sextile	19	30		41
24		15	May 1		37
25		23	12		31
April 10	Semi-square	19	13	Parallel	27
11		17	14		28
12		16	18	Quintile	40
13	Parallel	29	19		32
14		28	20		28
15		20	June 4	Sextile	39
27	Sextile	31	5		41
28		29	6		30
29		35	21	Semi-square	47
May 10	Quintile	22	22		39
11		25	23		41
12		31	July 12	Semi-sextile	46
30	Square	38	13		39
31		31	14		47
June 1		42	Aug. 17	Parallel	47
July 1	Trine	35	18		46
2		30	19		48
3		36	20	Conjunction	54
Aug. 26	Parallel	37	21		48
27		32	22		46
28		30	Sept. 30	Semi-sextile	42
31	Opposition	34	Oct. 1		51
Sept. 1		35	2		49
2		37	18	Semi-square	46
Oct. 13	Sesqui-square	35			
14		38			
15		18			
				38 days	1468
42 days		1219	Mean, 38 days, Jupiter		38.639
			Ditto, 42 do., Herschel		29.02
			Diff., Herschel, colder		9.61

The question necessarily arises, whether these coincidences of extreme cold at Edmonton * with the *aspects* between the Sun and Herschel, be merely accidental, or the result of some regular law in nature, at present unknown. If the former, it is certainly remarkable and extraordinary, that they should go on continually for many years without any exception. By the foregoing table it is shown, that during forty-two days, between the 6th of January and the 15th of October, 1837, when the Sun formed these aspects, the mean *minimum* temperature at Edmonton was 29.02° ; taking about thirty-six hours before and after the exact hour of the aspect. And not one case, out of fourteen aspects, do we find in which the thermometer did not fall *below* the freezing point, except on the 31st of August, when it was within two degrees of that point. But the table contains also the *minimum* temperature during thirty-eight days, when the Sun formed aspects with *Jupiter*, and we find the results extremely different; we find the mean *minimum* temperature of those days was 38.63° , whence there was a *mean* excess of cold on all the forty-two days the Sun was in aspect to Herschel, amounting to not less than 9.61° . Also with Herschel, out of forty-two days the temperature fell to the freezing point twenty-seven times, and with Jupiter only twelve times out of thirty-eight days; with the latter it never fell more than five degrees below freezing, and with the former it fell 17° below.

As the time of year was very near the same when these aspects were formed, this *great excess of cold* with *Herschel* in aspect to the Sun must be considered a complete demonstration of the truth of the rule I have given at the head of this section.

(To be continued.)

SYLPHIDE SONG.

OH! 'tis sweet a sylph to be,
Immortal, joyous, roving free;
Yet to mix with joys above
The cares and sweets of mortal love.

Come then, Lady, roam with me,
Enjoy the earth, the air, the sea;—
Love and pleasure both are ours,
Immortal joys in mortal hours.

Yes, we'll bask through sunny days,
And revel in the moon's soft rays;
Dwell on each alluring grace
That beams in Nature's charming face.

All her pleasures shall be thine;—
And when thou'rt call'd to realms divine,
Lady, then my love for thee
Will, like thyself, immortal be!

EDWARD STIRLING.

* I prefer the register of the temperature of Edmonton because it has existed many years, is unencumbered with too many refinements, and contains fewer errors than that of the Royal Society. It is published in the *Lit. Gazette*.

JESSE WEEVIL.

BY HAL WILLIS, STUDENT AT LAW.

I. THE MOUSE TRAP.

A CONTEMPORARY chum of Weevil's described him as a very little man, with a very little head, and a very little in it.

At an early age he indicated a disposition for practical jokes; industriously planning without the requisite ingenuity and adroitness to carry the projects into execution. Jesse had barely attained his eighth year when he accidentally witnessed the extrication of a half guillotined mouse, whose predatory exploits in the larder were most ignominiously closed by a trap baited with toasted cheese on the over night. His tender parent, as she raised the iron bar and liberated the mangled body of the nibbler, endeavoured in a very feeling speech to impress upon his infant mind the wickedness of self-appropriating the goods of others, and the punishment which attended the infringement of the law of *meum* and *tuum*. Jesse opened his mouth, and stared, and exhibited many other amiable expressions of attention; at the same time slyly pinching the tail of the deceased mouse to induce "a last kick," but in vain; and just as his self-satisfied mamma had concluded her moral deduction, her interesting offspring had succeeded in attaching a string to the dorsal continuation of the victim, and was dragging it about the floor.

She turned angrily upon him, and chided him for his cruel disposition; and snatching away his "plaything," made him toast a piece of double Gloucester for a fresh bait. Jesse went sulkily to his task, and his affectionate mother, in order to light a smile upon his innocent countenance, and implant a taste for mechanism in his mind, explained the construction of the trap as she set it.

In the afternoon (it was a half-holiday) he was allowed to invite Sammy Wilkins to tea.—"Now for a bit of fun," said Jesse to himself.—"Tommy, did you ever see a trap?"

"What's a trap?" inquired his friend.

"What—don't you know?" said Jesse, delighted at his ignorance: and mounting in a chair, he drew the mousetrap carefully from the shelf. "Do you see that cheese?"

"Is that cheese?" said Tommy.

"Touch it and try."

"What for?"

"For fun, to be sure," replied Jesse, anxiously. "Look here—just put your finger at it so—don't you see how I do it?"

"No," said Tommy, blundering forward, and running against Master Jesse's elbow, so that the said Master Jesse's finger was poked into the trap, and he roared aloud for help.

Such an early impression would have endured, and been a wholesome warning to many during the rest of their lives:—but Jesse

Weevil was a strange compound—and the incident had no more effect on his mind than a pebble cast into a pond, which is now wrinkled and ruffled (like an old dowager), and anon becomes smooth and glassy again in a moment.

II. THE BASKET OF GAME.

The old proverb of “birds of a feather,” &c. was verified in Weevil’s selection of his cronies. They were all devotedly attached to the same elegant pursuits, and generally met weekly at a certain house of entertainment, where they smoked cigars and each other simultaneously, and discussed bowls of toddy and Welch rabbits. The ingenious Weevil was unanimously elected their president;—and many a wayfarer was startled by the boisterous chorus of “We won’t go home till morning—they durst not shut us out!”—as he passed the windows of the room where the youths were performing their orgies.

It happened one day that a basket of game was left at this *rendezvous*, addressed to “JESSE WEEVIL, Esq.—*Carriage paid.*” It soon attracted the notice of one of his boon companions, who dexterously reversed the card, and inscribed thereon the name of “WALTER TROTT,” another member of the intelligent *clique*. Weevil arrived soon afterwards.

“What sport, my buck?” demanded he.

“No sport,” replied his chum:—“but here’s some game.”

“Say no more,” exclaimed the delighted Jesse, slapping his forehead. “I’ve an idea—now, mind, mum’s the word!—Fetch up Griggs.”

Griggs was summoned, and he entered with a grin.

“I say, Griggs,” cried Weevil, cutting the string and producing the game, “we want you to dress this hare and these birds for supper, and serve it up in your best style.”

“Leave it to me, Sir,” was the reply, as the host walked off with the spoil, just as the whole crew began to drop in. The conversation soon became general, noisy, and interesting.

At last the cloth was laid.

“Halloo, ! what’s in the wind now?” inquired Master Walter Trott, surprised at the unusual display. “Here’s a spread!”

“Only a snack,” said Weevil—“and we must beg you to take the chair on the occasion.”

“I?”

“Yes, you,” answered Weevil.

“Well, I’m sure—the honour—but I’m always ready to do any thing that will conduce to the harmony of the company,” replied the by no means reluctant Trott.

The supper was served forthwith, and upon the removal of the cloth, Weevil arose, and, in an elaborate mock speech, returned thanks for the very handsome entertainment the chairman had provided.

“What?—eh?—how do you mean?” stammered the astonished Trott.

By way of elucidation the basket was handed to him amidst peals of laughter.

The unconscious entertainer looked blank, and pretended to read the card ; but in fumbling it with his fingers he turned it over and discovered the original address.

"Gentlemen," said he, rising, "nothing, I assure you, would be more gratifying to my feelings than to entertain my friends—(hear ! hear !)—but I cannot—I will not allow (shouts of laughter)—that praise which is due to another to be bestowed upon myself. Instead of returning you my thanks, permit me to propose the health of Jesse Weevil, Esquire, for—('I speak by the card')—it appears to me this basket is addressed to him, and to him, therefore, let our thanks be paid !"

Weevil seized the basket : the trick was too obvious to be misunderstood ; and the facetious Jesse, unable to support the jeers and laughter of his friends, flung down the basket, and rushed from the convulsed assembly.

III. THE KID GLOVES.

Mr. Walter Trott, who was rather an exquisite in his way, was standing before a blazing fire, surrounded by a knot of the jocose fraternity, and was relating a prime adventure of which he was the hero, when Jemmy Dawson, winking at Weevil, drew him aside.

"Well ?" said Weevil.

"We shall have a novel dish to-night," said Jemmy.

"How do you mean ?"

"Why—don't you see that Trott is roasting his *kid* for our entertainment !"

"Admirable !" cried Weevil : and whispering his crony for a moment, Jemmy slipped out and returned with a pair of scissors.

"Keep him in conversation," said Jesse, "and see how I'll carve his *kid*."

Weevil accordingly beat about the bush a little time, and then approached his victim, from whose delicate hands dangled the fingers of a new pair of lemon-coloured gloves. Adroitly snipping off the fingers, Jesse deposited them in his pocket, and then wheeled round to the front, and joined in the laugh of the delighted audience.

"And then putting out my hand in this fashion," continued Trott, extending his right fist, and at the same time bringing forward the curtailed gauntlets in his left, he stopped short in his exciting narrative, and eyed the clipped coverings of his hands with a look that produced a simultaneous roar.

"Now, 'pon my life," cried he, "this is really too bad !"

"Nay, don't whimper," said Weevil, scarcely able to utter a word for laughter. "Don't whimper, Trott ; I'm sure the amusement is worth a dozen pair of the best that ever crossed the Channel."

"I wouldn't care a pin about the matter," said Trott—"but the fact is—"

"They are the gift of some *Dulcinea*, I suppose ?" interrupted Weevil.

"But the fact is, the mirth is not at my expense," resumed Trott ; "for in a freak I extracted these same gloves—"

"Call 'em mitts," said Weevil, with tears in his eyes.
 "—From the pocket of our excellent friend Weevil," continued Trott, handing him the *mitts*.—The fun which ensued may be easily imagined.

IV. THE SIGN PAINTERS.

The deeds which were done by Weevil and his friends on dark nights were as innumerable as they were annoying to every inhabitant in the vicinity. If a board were placed in the front garden of any house, to intimate that lodgings were to let, it was sure to be transferred to some crusty neighbour's, who was well known to have too much pride or too large a family to offer such accommodation for single men! Impertinent applications and angry altercations were the consequence. Bells were rung alarmingly—the knockers twisted from the doors—and the nightcaps of the drowsy inhabitants who ventured to peep from an open window were the chosen marks for the well-directed pea-shooters of this irregular troop.

Having read an amusing account of a certain sign-painting exploit, Weevil proposed "to get up" a similar entertainment; and a large pot of whitewash and a brush were accordingly provided for the operation.

The appointed hour arrived, and the youths sallied forth, Weevil carrying the pot and brush, and six others bearing a light ladder, borrowed from the stable yard of the Inn where they held their *Symposia*.

Their first attempt was made upon the "Black Boy," which having accomplished, Weevil declared he deserved the thanks of the corps for having performed the miracle of washing the Blackamoor white.

The "Rose" next grew pale under his able hand—and having completed this transformation to his taste, he ordered the *escalade* to proceed to the "Carved Red Lion." This was to be the crowning feat.

Having mounted to the ledge whereon the fierce-looking quadruped was fixed, he began to rub in the colour, and had already completed the half of his task, giving the animal the appearance of a shaved poodle, when he was startled by a fearful roar, not from the lion, but from his affrighted companions, who close upon their heels beheld a detachment of police. Pot and brush fell from the grasp of Weevil; and our hero, who thought with the redoubtable Falstaff that "discretion was the better part of valour," made for the ladder: but alas! his dear friends, in their confusion, had kicked it down.

His situation was by no means enviable—escape was vain—detection certain, and—but we shall beg leave to quote from the columns of a respectable contemporary, as we feel by no means competent to give so lucid an account of the catastrophe.

"POLICE OFFICE.—A gentleman about three and twenty years of age, with fair hair, and of a slight and rather genteel figure, was this morning brought before Mr. Mittimus, the magistrate. He was dressed in a fashionably cut suit of black, but which was so ridiculously daubed with white, that a zoologist would have unhesitatingly

declared him to be a species of that party-coloured bird, ycleped a magpie!

“‘What is the charge?’ demanded Mr. Mittimus.

“‘Please your worship,’ said the policeman, ‘I discovered this gentleman, about one o’clock this morning, in a very suspicious situation.

“‘Indeed,’ said Mr. Mittimus; ‘he looks very like an insolvent who has just undergone the process of whitewashing. Pray describe the situation in which you found him.’

“‘He was crouched on the ledge beside the sign of the Red Lion, in — Street.’

“‘Very suspicious indeed,’ said Mr. Mittimus. ‘What is your name?’

“‘Henry Jones,’ said the prisoner.

“‘What are you?’

“‘A gentleman at large,’ was the reply.

“‘Not at present,’ remarked the facetious magistrate. ‘And pray may I ask you what you did on the ledge of the sign of the Red Lion in — Street?’

“‘Only half what I intended,’ replied Mr. Henry Jones; ‘for I had taken a fancy to paint the Red Lion white, and had only half done the job when I was interrupted by the police.’

“‘Candid at any rate; but what induced you to make the noble animal change colour?’

“‘The fact is, Sir,’ replied Mr. Henry Jones, ‘it’s a ridiculous piece of business altogether. I am heartily ashamed of the freak; but the truth is, I was elevated at the time.’

“‘Yes; we have proof of that,’ laconically interpolated Mr. Mittimus.

“‘And then the policeman interfered and took me up—’

“‘Took you down, you mean, I suppose,’ said Mr. Mittimus.

“‘Exactly, Sir,’ replied Mr. Henry Jones.

“‘Well, it is a foolish affair, I must confess,’ said Mr. Mittimus; and I am really sorry to see a young gentleman of your appearance in such a predicament. Retire, and endeavour to make some arrangement with the parties whose property you have so wantonly destroyed.’

“‘Their demands are already satisfied,’ replied Mr. Henry Jones, ‘and they have promised not to prefer any complaint against me.’

“‘Was there any resistance on the capture?’ demanded Mr. Mittimus.

“‘None, your worship,’ replied the policeman; ‘he walked away like a lamb.’

“‘A sheep’ was on the tongue of the magistrate; but he suppressed it with a smile, and ordering Mr. Henry Jones to pay a fine of five shillings for his acknowledged elevation, he was discharged.”

VI. THE MUD-LARK.

A dull, damp, foggy night, in November, offered a favourable opportunity for the exercise of Weevil’s peculiar talents. A dark lane,

leading to the town, was the chosen spot of his exploit. The muddy state of the road was a source of particular gratulation to our hero, and he sallied forth, inwardly rejoicing at the anticipation of his charitable intentions. Carefully affixing a cord to the stump of an old tree, he drew it scientifically across the muddy road, and fastened it to a fence on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, making it form a straight line about a foot and a half from the ground. Concealing himself, with a chuckle, behind the projecting angle of a shed, Weevil anxiously awaited the issue of his stratagem.

Presently, the voice of a passenger, singing aloud, "A queer little man—very—how came you so?" struck like sweet music on the tightened drum of his attentive ear. Louder and louder grew the voice as the singer approached, but still the thickness of the fog prevented Jesse from beholding the form or figure of his unconscious victim. He was, indeed, to him *vox et preterea nihil*. Weevil scarcely breathed, although his heart panted almost audibly.

Nearer and nearer the stranger approached; and, at last, a stumble, a splash, and a sudden exclamation, indicated to the critical ear of Weevil that the "singing bird" had fallen in his trap.

Several people, attracted by the cries of the floundering youth, ran to the spot, and Weevil, having cut the treacherous line, joined the group.

"Oh, here's a precious go!" exclaimed a blubbering boy of about sixteen, with a clothes-basket in his hand, the contents whereof were fearfully scattered in the road.

"Never mind, my lad," said Weevil, in a half pitying, half consolatory tone.

"It's easy never minding o' me," replied the boy, jamming the rumpled linen pell-mell in his basket, "but shan't I get a lathering? that's all."

Every one of the bystanders charitably endeavoured to comfort the unfortunate boy.

"Have you injured yourself?" demanded the kind-hearted Weevil.

"Injured myself!" repeated the boy. "No, by gosh! There ain't no chance of breaking bones in tumbling into such a pudding as this here. But I ain't in a nice mess, am I?" continued he, half angrily, holding up his muddy arms, and showing himself to the mob.

"The more dirt, the less hurt, however," remarked Weevil; and at the same time the boy inadvertently shook off the liquid mud, with which the too curious Jesse was spattered from top to toe. The crowd, of course, laughed heartily; and Weevil, aware that any remonstrance on his part would have been jeered at, pocketed the affront, and walked quietly home.

His suit of black was quickly changed; and, seating himself by a blazing fire, he indulged in reading till nine o'clock, when, ringing the bell, he ordered his housekeeper to bring up his things, as he was going to *adonize*, preparatory to starting for an annual ball, given at the principal inn in the town, at which all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood were to display their attractions.

"Directly, Sir," replied the obsequious domestic, and retired. Meanwhile, Weevil began practising his new steps, and trying over

some concerted phrases intended for the ear of the delectable Miss Julia Trotterly, at the same time extending his hand in a right line from his heart to the looking-glass, and grimacing in a manner which he concluded must be irresistible.

"I think that's a killer!" exclaimed the self-satisfied Jesse.

"O! mercy on us!" cried the housekeeper, breaking in upon his physiognomical studies.

"Eh? what! is the house on fire?" demanded he.

"Worser nor that, Sir," said the dame, "such a pickle—such a misfortune—who could ha' thought there was such a set o' wicked people in the world? Only to think—"

"What the devil is the matter?" demanded the impatient Weevil.

"The shirts, Sir,—frills, ruffles, and all—not one to put on! every man John of 'em rolled in the mud. The poor mangling-boy has been throwed down by some mischievous willin, and almost killed. His mother—honest woman—has just been here, and is ready to cry her eyes out—poor soul!"

Weevil whistled so loud, and long, and shrilly, that the housekeeper was startled, and when he calmly declared "he must stay at home then," the old woman retired—wondering at his equanimity!

VII. THE CUP OF POISON.

Weevil, unfortunate as he was in his jokes, was no less so in his more serious attempts; his whole career was one grand mistake—eloping with a sweet young lady who was reported "to be a fortune," he discovered, too late to retract, that she was the dowerless daughter of an extravagant insolvent. To add to his disappointment, Mrs. Weevil proved an incorrigible shrew, whose eloquent tongue annoyed him unceasingly.

Proud, however, of his boasted tact and abilities, Weevil resolved to tame her; and after pondering for some months upon the subject, resolved to put in form the following novel and extraordinary experiment.

Having purchased some white arsenic, upon the paper of which was duly printed "ARSENIC—POISON," he consigned the deleterious mineral to the flames, and replenished the envelope with white sugar. Watching his opportunity when Mrs. Weevil was in her tantrums, he calmly proceeded to the closet, and pouring out a cup of milk, mixed up the sweet potation.

"Jane," cried he, in a melancholy tone, stirring the potion with the fore-finger of his right hand—"Jane, listen to me for a few short moments—I shall not long be a burden to you."

His look and impressive manner silenced the storm. Quaffing the draught at one gulp, he cast the cup into the grate, and threw the paper upon the ground.

"What have you done?" shrieked Mrs. Weevil, snatching up the paper, and turning pale as Parian marble.

"Poison!" muttered Jesse, with the most thrilling tragedy-look he could assume; and clasping his hands to his face, he buried his head in the cushions of the sofa.

A shriek, followed by an awful silence, ensued. Jesse ventured to peep between his fingers, expecting to see his rib extended on the hearth-rug in a swoon—but she had vanished.

"Where the dickens has she gone?" cried he, rising. "Jane!"—no answer. He rested upon his elbow and listened. A trampling of many feet upon the stairs, aroused him from his posture; and the next moment his better half rushed wildly into the room, followed by three men and the servant-maid.

"My dear Mr. Weevil," said the foremost gentleman in black, in whom Jesse recognised a neighbouring apothecary—"what could have impelled you to this rash act?"

Weevil was really alarmed by the crowd which he had so unexpectedly brought about his ears.

"What act?" demanded Weevil.

"You have swallowed poison!"

"Nonsense—nonsense—" said Weevil.

"Where is the cup, ma'am?"

"He has thrown it away," replied Mrs. Weevil, sobbing aloud; "but—but here is the horrible paper."

The apothecary looked at the paper, shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and then looked significantly at his assistants, who immediately laid violent hands upon the disconcerted Weevil, and threw him at length upon the sofa.

"What the devil are you about?" demanded Jesse, glaring wildly upon the medical operator as he drew a stomach-pump from his coat-pocket.

"You must submit, Sir," said he, "resistance will avail you nothing."

"Pooh! pooh! nonsense—'pon my soul 'twas only a joke! a mere ruse—don't be a fool," cried Jesse, struggling. "May I die if—"

The forcible introduction of the admirable machine put an end to further opposition. Weevil kicked and plunged in vain. The whole operation was admirably performed; and feeble, spiritless, and exhausted, the unfortunate patient was left extended on the couch. The apothecary promised to send a composing draught immediately, and left him in the meanwhile to the tender care of his wife, who alternately wept and scolded; winding up her hysterical harangue with a bitter remark upon his cruelty in wishing to leave her unprovided for!

ECONOMY OF THE MONTHS.

APRIL.

A Lament for the Departed.—The Right Reading of Prophecy.—Characteristics of April.—Derivations of its name.—Temperature of the Month.—April Fools.—Rabelais.—Bonaparte's April-foolery.—Marriage of Marie Louise.—Plagiarisms of Bonaparte and Mirabeau.—Death and Character of Mirabeau.—Battle of Copenhagen.—Nelson and Wellington Memorials.—Littleness of the Great.—Lord Brougham.—Interesting exploits of St. Francis of Paula.—Stock Dividends.—Assessed Taxes.—Old Lady Day.—Petrarch's Laura.—Gallantry of Francis the First.—Raffaello.—Palm Sunday.—Lorenzo de Medicis.—Eclipse of the Moon.—Handel.—Catholic Emancipation.—State of Ireland.—Wellington and Peel.—Enviabie Predicament of the Conservatives.—Good Friday.—March of Intellect.—Easter Sports.—Death of the intellectually great.—St. George.

ALAS! poor Murphy! the winter's frost, the rapid thaw, the too sudden approach of the sun in his glory, have killed him—killed him dead! Yes! "after life's fitful fever," Murphy "sleeps well." The winds of March have howled a dirge over his grave; and the tears of April will fall fresh, and soft, and genial on the early-piled sod. Alas! that wisdom, heavenly wisdom, could not shield him from the common lot! Ah! had we but done him justice whilst alive, he might have been alive and merry still. Had we consulted Shakespeare's witches on some "blasted heath," they would have solved the mighty enigma, and have taught us that, in the language of the initiated, "*fair is foul, and foul is fair.*" If so, the predictions of the great one would have triumphed over nature; and, instead of vainly lamenting the dead, it might have been ours to assist in raising an eternal monument to the honour of the living.

According to certain sybilline leaves, left, by the defunct prophet, as an invaluable legacy to posterity, the vulgar eye will read that we are to have little besides rain, and wind, and portentous change, throughout the month of April. Let us not be deceived. Although April is, by universal consent, admitted to be the month of "Fools," let us not be deemed amongst the number. Let us take the precious mystic scroll, and scan it as all magic scripture should be scanned, according to the witches' art—let us read "*fair is foul, and foul is fair*"—and April will not fail to turn out as it should be, and as it generally is, one of the sweetest, dearest, loveliest months of the year.

Yes, April is a lovely, soul-inspiring, life-invigorating month. In April, the first soft, tender, delicate green of Spring salutes the eye in every direction; the birds—the swallow, the cuckoo, the nightingale, &c., remind us of the advance of the year, of the approach of May, with her fruits, and her flowers, and all her many-coloured glories of the vegetable world. This is one of the grateful periods in which nature instructs the spirit of man to hold

"Communion sweet
With the brighter spirits of the sky."

It would occupy a page at least, and that is more than we can spare, to exhibit the numerous derivations which have been adduced of the name of this delightful month. Let these suffice: from the verb *aperire*, "to open," because, at this time, the earth seems to be opening and preparing to enrich us with its gifts; according to Varro, from Aphrodite, because April is consecrated especially to this goddess; or, (which is much the same), according to Macrobius, from a Greek word signifying *aphrilis*, or descended from Venus, or born of the foam of the sea, because Romulus is said to have dedicated the month to Venus. The first of these derivations appears the best, for April is truly the spring of the year, in which the earth is nourished by alternate rains and sunshine. The temperature advances this month; and, upon an average, April is considered to have not more than six frosty nights. Its mean temperature is 49. 9°; highest, 74; lowest, 29.

Mankind are constantly making fools of one another, and of themselves into the bargain. Throughout Europe, however, and in some parts of Asia, it has been the practice for ages past, indeed beyond the date of historical records, for people to hold themselves privileged, on the first of April, to "make fools" of their neighbours and friends. Most of our readers, we have no doubt, have enjoyed the felicity, some time or other, of being sent on a bootless errand for "stirrup oil," "pigeon's milk," &c. The witty Rabelais, we are told, once turned the joke to good account. On the first of April, being at Marseilles without money, and desirous of going to Paris, he filled several phials with brick-dust, or ashes, labelled them as containing poison for the royal family of France, and placed them where he knew they could not fail of being discerned. The bait took, and he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital, where the *dénouement* of the jest occasioned much mirth, in which no one participated more largely than its author.

Bonaparte never made so great a fool of himself as when, upon the 1st of April, 1810, now twenty-eight years ago, he married Marie Louise, the Archduchess of Austria. Richly did he merit all the misery which that ill-fated marriage entailed upon him. In the spirit of a mean, base, and pitiful ambition, he deserted and repudiated the woman who was devoted to him, by whom he was almost worshipped, for one immeasurably inferior to her in personal attraction, in mind, in heart, in all the generous and benevolent dispositions of her sex. Nothing but the pride of imperial birth—a pride which Napoleon affected to despise—had Marie Louise to recommend her. Marie Louise never loved Bonaparte. Proud, and heartless, and cold, and reserved, and incapable of estimating greatness, how was it possible that she should love the *parvenu* conqueror of her father, the descendant and representative of a long line of imperial ancestors? Yet, let it be remembered, as one of a thousand proofs, that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step," that Napoleon, on the occasion of his nuptials with Marie

Louise, caused a medal to be struck, with the device of Love bearing a thunderbolt!

By-the-bye, Bonaparte has generally had credit for the authorship of the memorable expression just quoted; but Mirabeau, a genius of far higher order than Napoleon, is known to have used it many years antecedently to the career of the French ruler; and as Mirabeau, with all his splendid, powerful, and truly original genius, was one of the most unblushing plagiarists that ever existed, it is by no means clear that it emanated even from him in the first instance. Those witty dogs, the ancients, had such a barbarous knack of saying all our good things before us! Bonaparte, we are told, ejected the word "*Impossible*" from his vocabulary; Mirabeau had previously done the same thing; and, years before either of them had been called into existence, it had been justly remarked, by some "great unknown," that "to a man of genius nothing is impossible."

Mirabeau died on the 2nd of April, 1791, forty-seven years ago. "Few public speakers have studied theatrical effect more closely than Mirabeau. Wearing a forest of hair, and his face being deeply furrowed by the small-pox, he is said to have been ugly almost to hideousness; but of his very ugliness he was vain. Writing to a lady who had never seen him, he told her to imagine the face of a tiger that had been marked with the small-pox, and then she would have an idea of his physiognomy. However, with all this deformity of countenance, he was a decided favourite amongst the women. Dressed most attractively in the fashion of the day, "he was fond," observes his friend Dumont, "of standing before a large pier-glass, to see himself speak; squaring his shoulders, and throwing back his head." 'When I shake my terrible locks,' said he—'when I show my wild boar's head—no one dares interrupt me.' The character of this extraordinary man is thus briefly yet ably summed up, in the first extended memoir of his life that was published in this country:* "Mirabeau was not—

'In wit a man, simplicity a child:'

he was a man of splendid genius; but his genius was not subservient to his reason; he was deplorably wanting in self-respect; he was impetuous, violent, and indiscreet;—he possessed not the discretion of a child of ten years of age. His shrewdness—his perspicacity—were prodigious. He was profoundly skilled in the art of flattery; persuasive—capable of cajoling; yet open to flattery himself,—ever liable to be cajoled, and converted to the purposes of others, even by men immeasurably his inferiors in knowledge and in intellect. Temperate in drinking, he was the reverse in every other gratification of sense. His perceptions were nice; his conduct was gross. Ardent as a lover, he was inconstant as he was ardent; sensual—heartless—profligate. Had Mirabeau been virtuous, he would have been great; as he was vicious, he was only wonderful."

On the 2nd of April, 1801, exactly ten after the death of Mira-

* *Vide* Mirabeau's Letters, during his Residence in England; with Anecdotes, Maxims, &c. 2 vols. 1832.

beau, Nelson fought the Battle of Copenhagen, in which eighteen sail of the line were either taken or destroyed. Nelson has been dead upwards of thirty years, and yet the metropolis of the first naval nation that ever existed remains without a monument recording the victories of the world's first naval hero. This is the more offensive—disgusting, we had almost said—to every right English feeling, when we reflect that a noble memorial of the prowess of our great military chief, the Duke of Wellington, whose deeds in arms are of more recent date than those of Nelson, has for years displayed its imposing front in Hyde Park; and that *two* equestrian statues of the same illustrious hero—one for the City, the other for the west end of the town—have been determined on.

Though late in the day, we are, however, glad to find, that, through the exertions of private individuals, professional men and others, we do now stand some chance of having a monument—in Trafalgar Square, we trust—to the memory of Nelson. Britain is more decidedly, more distinctively, a naval than a military state; yet the mean and pitiful government under which, as a punishment for our sins, we are doomed for a brief period to exist, has, in that pernicious and grovelling spirit by which all its acts are characterized, declined all pecuniary advance on the subject. Well! let the country show, that upon this occasion, as upon all others, it can maintain its right position—support its native dignity and honour—*without* the aid of government—ay, in *despite* of the waywardness of the most imbecile administration, by the blighting, withering influence of which its energies were ever cursed. Let the subscription for the Nelson memorial go on and prosper, and, by its affluence and its vastness, shame the petty, narrow-minded crew who have basely refused to promote a grand national object. What a capital hit it would be, if, amidst his mad freaks, Lord Brougham would take it into his head to convene a public meeting on the subject at Exeter Hall, and make a show of himself, as he did the other day under pretence of effecting the abolition of negro apprenticeship.

There were at least five or six saints and saintesses, whose birth-days or death-days used to be celebrated in the Romish church on the 2nd of April. One of the most notorious of these was, St. Francis of Paula, a Calabrian, who, at fifteen years old, shut himself up in a cave, in a rock on the coast. Of this personage we are told a thousand ridiculous stories; such as, that he prophesied—that the elements had lost their force against him—that he walked upon fire—entered into a burning oven without harm—restored his nephew to life—was much worried by the devil—was at one time so possessed by the fiend, that he had no other way to get rid of him, than by stripping and beating himself with a hard cord, crying, while he did it, "Thus, brother ass, thou must be beaten;"—that he afterwards ran into the snow and made seven snowballs, which he meant to swallow, if the devil had not taken his leave—that he made a sea-voyage on his own cloak instead of a ship, and had a companion with him—that he was a bird-fancier, understood the language of birds, and could induce them to sing or be silent as he pleased—that he received the host with a cord about his neck—and that he died on the

2nd of April, 1508, at the age of ninety-one. But what of all this? Let but O'Connell and his associates, priestly and unpriestly, run their desired career, and we may have, by scores, men quite as holy and quite as wonderful as St. Francis of Paula. The bones of this redoubted Saint remained in the earth till the year 1562, when the Hugonots dug them up, and burnt them with the wood of a crucifix.

The 4th, 5th, and 6th of April are important days to many. On the 5th, dividends on several descriptions of stock become due. Soon after the 5th the returns for making the assessment of direct taxes are expected to be delivered. The person making the return must rate himself for the persons and articles subject to taxes kept and used by him between the 5th of April, 1837, and the 5th of April, 1838. If he wish to decline keeping any servant or other matter assessed, he must do so on the 4th of April, or he will be liable to another year's tax. The 6th of April is Old Lady-day, a period from which many leases and lettings, especially in the country, are still dated. Petrarch's Laura died on the 6th of April, 1348 (490 years ago!), at the age of forty-four. Petrarch and Laura! Ah! what glorious names of love, and life, and love after death, are these! It was Francis the First who gallantly—poetically, it may be said—compared a court without ladies to a spring without flowers, that caused Laura's tomb to be opened, and threw upon her remains verses complimentary to her beauty, and to the fame which she derived from her lover's praises. Was Laura worthy of the love—the absorbing, life-enduring, death-surviving passion—of Petrarch? We doubt it. On the 7th of April, 355 years will have elapsed since Raffaele, the prince of painters, first saw the light. What progress, it may be asked, has been made in the art of painting within that period? What do our artists of the present day know, or what have they performed, beyond what Raffaele knew and performed? The answer, we fear, must be—*nil*.

Palm Sunday, or Passion Sunday, falls this year on the 8th of April. In the Romish church this is a day of great note. It was an ancient custom to draw about the town a wooden ass, with a figure on it representing Christ riding into Jerusalem, and the people strewing palms before it. In London, and also in many parts of the country, it is still customary with people to go "a palming," as it is absurdly termed, early in the morning of this day; that is, they gather branches of the willow, or sallow, with their grey, shining, velvet-looking buds, from such trees of that description as are found in the vicinity of the town or village. The men and boys come home with slips in their hats, and in the breast button-holes of their coats; and sprigs in their mouths, and bearing "palm-branches" (which are not palm-branches) in their hands. According to Stowe, in the week before Easter, there were great shows in London for going to the woods, and fetching into the king's house a twisted tree, or "withe;" and the like into the house of every man of note or consequence.

On this day Lorenzo de Medicis will have been dead 346 years.

On the anniversary of Lord Bacon's death, the 9th of April (d. 1626) there is a partial eclipse of the Moon, visible at Greenwich, commencing at 10 minutes past 11 p. m.

On the 13th of April, 1759, seventy-nine years ago, Handel died. This, also, is the anniversary of that grand humbug, Catholic Emancipation. Well may it be asked, *cui bono*? Has any advantage, or shadow of advantage, accrued to either England or Ireland from the mockery of Catholic emancipation? Is Ireland more free, more virtuous, more happy, more prosperous than she was? Does she contribute more to the general exigencies of the State than she did? Is her catalogue of crime lighter than it was? Does she present us with fewer midnight assassinations, noonday murders, burnings, rapes, abductions, robberies, than she did before she was blest with Catholic emancipation? Let Lord Mulgrave answer—let Lord Mulgrave's master, O'Connell, answer—let the criminal calendars of the year 1838 answer! Shame upon the Duke of Wellington! And double shame upon Sir Robert Peel! for the "heaviest blow" that ever was inflicted upon the Protestant interests of Britain, when Catholic Emancipation, the doom-bolt of the Church and of the State, was hurled upon our devoted heads. We were told—but the how, and the why, and the wherefore formed, forsooth, a secret too dire, too pregnant with disaster, to be divulged—we were told, that the reasons for carrying the grand *pacific* measure were so strong, so imperative, that, could they but be disclosed, every man, woman, and child in the kingdom would cry aloud, night and day, with voices "trumpet-tongued," for "Catholic Emancipation!" But these reasons *were not* disclosed—they never *have* been disclosed; and, what is more, they never *will* be disclosed; for the only shadowy existence they ever possessed was in the minds of mean, manœuvring, Machiavelian politicians. Deep, and enduring, and undying as is the wrong to which we have been and are subjected by the gross and loathsome imposture of what is misnamed Catholic Emancipation, we can forgive the honest nature of the Duke of Wellington for the share which, by subtler, more speculative, and more calculating minds than his own, he was induced to take in consummating the fatal measure, for we believe him to have been basely imposed upon; but, in good truth, we know not how to extend the same degree of Christian charity to Sir Robert Peel. Nor can we, in *any* way, account for *his* conduct in the business. Lamentable is it to reflect that the two greatest, noblest champions of the State should have been the means—whether intentionally or otherwise, let the wise ones judge—of inflicting the most cruel injuries upon the State—upon the rights, privileges, and happiness of a loyal and Protestant people. Need it be said that we allude to the conduct of Sir Robert Peel respecting the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—to the conduct of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington respecting Catholic emancipation—to the conduct of the Duke of Wellington respecting Parliamentary Reform? Lamentable, too, is it to reflect, that the two great leaders of the Conservative party are men in whom that party cannot repose implicit confidence: they tremble, lest some sudden, impetuous blunder of the one may shake them to the centre—lest the half-and-half, trimming, manœuvring spirit of the other may as suddenly strip them of three-fourths of their power, and lay them, like Samson, bound hand and foot at the feet of their enemy.

One word more upon the subject of Catholic emancipation, and its consequences, immediate and remote. Were we not told, with many a true sycophantic, Milesian fawn, that, concede only that one point, and the hitherto troubled ocean of Irish politics would be smooth as oil for ever after? Romanists and Protestants should form together one family of peace and brotherly love. Catholics, so far from attempting to injure the Protestant church, would support and cherish it as if it were their own. All things should be in common. Has it proved so? On the contrary, have not the Irish Catholics, both in and out of Parliament, availed themselves of every opportunity—have they not created opportunities—in which to insult, and to wound, and if possible to destroy, their Protestant brethren? And, every now and then, when purpose may suit, we are threatened with a repeal of the Union. *Threatened!* Why, were it not for the physical insignificance of Ireland as a state, too small, far too small, for her to preserve her independence, we would say, "Let us have the repeal to-morrow!" Much better could England do without Ireland, than could Ireland do without England. And, were it not that, by a separation of the two countries, Ireland must inevitably fall into the hands of either France or Spain, and thus be employed as a tool of offence against us, we would rather that "the first gem of the sea," with all "the finest peasantry in the world," were sunk in the depths of ocean, than that it should remain as it is, as it has long been, and as it is likely to be, a millstone about the neck of "our own, our native land."

But all this ought to be changed. Ireland is, naturally, a fine, a noble, a highly productive country; and, under the auspices of Britain, it ought to be a wealthy, prosperous, and happy country. Why is it not so? Simply, because it is the most wretchedly misgoverned spot in the universe. Years ago, the Duke of Wellington had the power—a power which no man, in an equal degree, ever possessed before—a power which no man, in an equal degree, may ever possess again—of reducing Ireland to a state of domestic peace, tranquillity, and happiness; but the "golden, glorious opportunity" was allowed to pass away, and Ireland remains, and is likely still to remain, a curse rather than a blessing to herself as well as to others.

Let us seek a more grateful theme.

Good Friday (April 13,) commemorative of the crucifixion of our Saviour, is, with the exception of Christmas-day, the only close holiday of the year now observed in London, by the general shutting up of shops (Gin-Palaces always excepted), and the opening of all the churches. Such, however, has been the "march of intellect" of late years, that the enlivening cry which, in our youth, would awake us almost before the appearance of dawn—"Hot-cross-buns; one-a-penny, two-a-penny, hot-cross-buns!"—has much fallen off in the number and in the loudness of its votaries; and although there may be here and there an old-fashioned family, too antiquated in its notions, and too stupid to comprehend the advantage of extinguishing all the honoured customs and observances of our forefathers, who still think proper to luxuriate in a Good Friday's breakfast of hot-cross-buns, and to treat the little boys and girls, the annual consumption of these

once-deemed sacred delicacies has diminished to an incalculable extent.

Easter Sunday (April 15), the day commemorative of the Resurrection, is, throughout the Christian world, a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. Easter Monday is the day for choosing churchwardens in the different parishes, and for feasting and merry-making afterwards. Indeed, on Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday, and in some parts throughout the week, sports and pastimes innumerable are practised. The celebrated Epping Hunt, on Easter Monday, is traceable as far back as the time of Henry the Third. In 1226, we are told, that the King confirmed to the citizens of London, *free warren*, or liberty to hunt a circuit about their city, in the warren of Staines, &c.; and, in ancient times, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Corporation, attended by a due number of their constituents, availed themselves of this right of chase "in solemn guise." The solemnity of the affair has long ceased; but it still proves a source of much annual Cockney fun and frolic.

Many are the intellectually great who have sought "another and a better world" in April—as well as in every other month of the year. Mirabeau, Lorenzo de Medicis, Lord Bacon, Opie, and Handel have been already mentioned. Napier, the inventor of logarithms, died on the 3rd, 1617; Otway, 14, 1685; Buffon, 16, 1788; Fuseli, the painter, who piqued himself on leaving nature behind, and on being able to swear in half-a-dozen different languages, 16, 1825; Dr. Franklin, 17, 1790; Dr. Darwin, 17, 1802; Lord Byron, 19, 1824; Shakspeare and Cervantes (kindred spirits!), 23, 1616; Nollekens, the sculptor, 23, 1823; Defoe, 24, 1731; Tasso, 25, 1595; Stothard, the painter, 27, 1834; and Denon, the French traveller, 28, 1825.

Volumes might be written on the exploits of St. George of Capadocia, the patron saint of England, whose festival is held on the 23rd of April; but the leading events of his life, especially his triumphant conflict with the dragon of Sylene, stamped on the golden coin of our realm, are familiar even in the nursery. The fullest and the most favourable account of St. George—who, perhaps, like many other saints, was no better than he should be—is to be found, we believe, in the celebrated Golden Legend (*Legenda Aurea*), written in Latin by Jacobus de Voragine, archbishop of Genoa, about the year 1260. This curious production was, in the fourteenth century, translated into French by Jean de Vigney; and from the French it was transferred to our language by the industrious and indefatigable Caxton, in 1493. Gibbon, also, in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has amused us on the subject; and St. George has not wanted biographers of every possible class and description.

Farewell, St. George! Now for the flowers and the sports of May!

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, the Clown. Edited by CHARLES DICKENS, Esq., Author of the "Pickwick Papers," &c. With numerous Characteristic Illustrations, by George Cruikshank. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

THE entire family of Joseph Grimaldi, for several generations backward, had been decided votaries to the shrine of Momus, or the near relatives of that deity. Grimaldi's father was a clown—and his grandfather was a famous dancing-master, whose skill and agility in the Terpsichorian art had acquired for him the appellation of "Iron-legs." Both were eminent men in their several professions; but their renown was so immeasurably eclipsed by the hero of these memoirs, that few people, if any, now allude to their names.

Joseph Grimaldi was scarcely two years of age, when he appeared as the little clown in a pantomime of Robinson Crusoe, at Drury Lane Theatre. From that moment nothing but success awaited him on the stage. He became a popular *artiste* both in town and country, and obtained, in his especial sphere, a reputation *are perennius*. The following anecdote is admirably calculated to illustrate the powers of Grimaldi in the production of stage-effect:—

"Captain George Harris, of the Royal Navy (who was related to the Mr. Harris of Covent Garden, and with whom Grimaldi was slightly acquainted) had recently returned to England after a long voyage. The crew being paid off, many of the men followed their commander up to London, and proceeded to enjoy themselves after the usual fashion of sailors. Sadler's Wells was at that time a famous place of resort with the blue-jackets: the gallery being sometimes almost solely occupied by seamen and their female companions. A large body of Captain Harris's men resorted hither one night, and amongst them a man who was deaf and dumb, and had been so for many years. This man was placed by his shipmates in the front row of the gallery. Grimaldi was in great force that night, and, although the audience were in one roar of laughter, nobody appeared to enjoy his fun and humour more than this poor fellow. His companions, good-naturedly, took a good deal of notice of him, and one of them, who talked very well with his fingers, inquired how he liked the entertainments; to which the deaf and dumb man replied, through the same medium, and with various gestures of great delight, that he had never seen any thing half so comical before. As the scene progressed, Grimaldi's tricks and jokes became still more irresistible; and at length, after a violent peal of laughter and applause which quite shook the theatre, and in which the dumb man joined most heartily, he suddenly turned to his mate, who sat next him, and cried out with much glee, 'What a d—d funny fellow!'

"'Why, Jack,' shouted the other man, starting back with great surprise, 'can you speak?'

"'Speak!' returned the other, 'ay, that I can, and hear too.'

"Upon this, the whole party of course gave three vehement cheers, and at the conclusion of the piece adjourned, in a great procession, to the Sir Hugh Middleton, hard by, with the recovered man elevated on the shoulders of half a dozen friends in the centre. A crowd of people quickly assembled round the door, and great excitement and curiosity were occasioned as the intelli-

gence ran from mouth to mouth, that a deaf and dumb man had come to speak and hear, all owing to the cleverness of Joey Grimaldi."

The "Memoirs" are replete with amusement and interest, and the compilation of the work cannot do otherwise than materially increase the already extensive and justly earned reputation of the talented "Boz." Cruikshank's illustrations are some of the most felicitous in design and perfect in execution that have ever emanated from the pencil of that well-known artist

POETRY AND FICTION.

Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Author of the "Story of Justin Martyr." 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 117. Moxon.

THIS is a collection of miscellaneous poems, chiefly upon moral or religious subjects, and presenting a strange specimen of the inequality of a man's intellectual powers at various periods. Some of the pieces are considerably above *par*, while others are as much below that middle line of demarcation. The "Sabbation" is but a poor composition—"Honor Neale" is in very indifferent blank verse—but "Gertrude of Saxony"—a short poem in the Spenserian stanza—is the redeeming portion of the whole work. The "Introductory Stanzas" do not please us; the following is a specimen of that prefatory "Address to Poetry:"—

" But years went on, and thoughts, which slept before,
Over th' horizon of my soul arose—
Thoughts which perplexed me *ever more and more* ;
As though a Sphinx should meet one and propose
Enigmas hard, and which whoso not knows
T'interpret, must her prey and victim be ;
And I, round whom thick darkness seemed to close,
Knew only this one thing, that misery
Remained, if none could solve this riddle unto me.

We have taken the liberty of marking some of the above in italics. An affectation of quaintness of expression is seldom successful;—unless it flow with the imagination, when the Spenserian stanza is employed, that difficult scheme of composition were better abandoned altogether. This is almost the first work issued by Mr. Moxon that has not pleased us.

English Songs and Ballads. By ALEXANDER HUME, Author of "Scottish Songs." 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 79. Fox.

WITH every disposition to praise whenever we can, and constantly aiming to look at the bright side rather than the unfavourable one of a book as of a picture, we cannot say much in behalf of this volume of poems. A cursory glance puts us in the possession of the fact, that such rhymes as "want—bent," "way—alway," &c., are of very frequent occurrence; and, as we do not think that an individual ought to take upon himself the composition of a work unless he be previously instructed in the grammatical elements of his language, so neither do we advocate the principle of embodying ideas in poetry, when the author is ignorant of the very rudiments of versification. To a poet, the legitimacy of rhyme and correctness of metre, is a preliminary study. A man may have natural talents; but his mind will require artificial cultivation. Poetry, in one sense, is totally distinct from verse; but in another—and in the common acceptance of the term—the latter is an essential auxiliary to the perfection of the former. The work under notice con-

tains several redeeming qualities, amongst which, simplicity and absence of pretension are the principal.

Men of Character. By DOUGLAS JERROLD, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. with numerous Characteristic Illustrations after Thackeray. Colburn.

It has seldom fallen to our lot to notice nine more interesting and at the same time instructive tales, than those which have now emanated from the fertile imagination of Mr. Jerrold in the three goodly volumes before us. These admirable illustrations of scenes in the great drama of real life, amuse with their playful satire and caustic remark, and edify by the examples they lay before us of the errors into which thousands fall by mistaking the bent of their own genius, or trusting to mental faculties which they have not. The perusal of such a work as this, leaves behind it a feeling of satisfaction and delight, which is never originated by the more ephemeral and trashy productions of the day. A novel, in which there is merely an amusing tale to please, without any thing to instruct, is speedily forgotten; but the impression that the mind receives from an acquaintance with such sketches as those now offered to the public by the talented Mr. Jerrold, is lasting, and calculated to produce useful effects.

The most interesting of the tales contained in these volumes, is decidedly the history of the misfortunes and dilemmas of Mr. Matthew Clear, or "the man who saw his way." So thoroughly convinced was this individual, that the sharpness of his intellect was too acute ever to suffer him to be entrapped by the cunning and designing, or that his prophetic powers could ever mislead him, that he recklessly followed the wayward stream of his own inclinations and opinions, and having been duly taken in by an artful widow, he is at length ruined by a series of ridiculous speculations into which he plunged his fortune. There are many touches in this tale which remind us of the point of Molière, and the graphic descriptions of Fielding or Smollett.

The following specimen, extracted from the exquisitely humorous tale of "Job Pippins, the Man who couldn't help it," is well adapted to illustrate the style of the author. The incidents will speak for themselves.

"The selfishness of the table proceeded in all its tumult, when the widow, seated next to Dr. Saffron—he had attended her poor husband in his last illness, and she felt a great confidence in him—ventured to put a list of queries touching the sufferer, as she tenderly thought him, up stairs. The doctor was a man of system, and cared not to have his patients laid upon the dinner table. Moreover, in the present instance, he was ferociously hungry; having been well-nigh worn out in his late attendance on Lady Gemini—whose medicine, by the way, at that moment haunted him.

" 'And, my dear doctor, going on well, you say?'

"Turning the drum-stick of a goose in his mouth, he replied—'Well as can be expected;' never taking into account the extraordinary expectations of some people.

" 'You think there's nothing serious in the case?'

" 'Serious! no—not at all. I've—with great pleasure'—and Saffron honoured a challenge to wine—'I've sent for a nurse,' and again he filled his mouth with goose.

" 'A nurse!' cried the widow, 'so bad as that?'

" 'Still, her ladyship—'

" 'Ladyship! why, my dear doctor—he! he!—who *are* you talking about?' And the widow simpered.

" 'Your dear friend, Lady Gemini—hasn't Mr. Faddle told you? At last a charming little boy.'

" 'Very true—I never was so delighted to hear any thing. But the preserver of *our* little boy?'

" 'He's—he's in bed;' and Saffron, becoming restless under the examina-

tion, turned from the widow and rolled his eyes up and down the table, seeking what he might devour. At last he lighted upon a huge turkey in chains; and, with epicurean gusto, insinuated his advice to the carver; the widow unconsidered, with downcast head, talking at his side.

“ ‘And—and, dear doctor, what may be his complaint?’

“ ‘The breast,’ said Saffron to the man with the turkey.

“ ‘Love!’ thought the widow; then aloud, ‘He’s a remarkably fine young fellow.’

“ ‘The leg’s a poor thing,’ said the doctor.

“ ‘Well, I’m certainly no judge, but—tell me this, hasn’t he a good constitution?’

“ ‘Not a bit of liver left,’ exclaimed Saffron, with deep regret.

“ ‘God bless me! There’s no going by looks,’ sighed the widow. ‘Though a little pale, he looked so perfectly handsome.’”

MISCELLANEOUS.

Literature of the Nineteenth Century. France. By JULES JANIN.
A Series of Papers lately published in the “*Athenæum*.”

THE literary editor of the *Journal des Débats*—the celebrated critic, who, with a single stroke of his arbitrary pen, encouraged Victor Ecousse and Auguste Lebras to enter upon the higher walks of the drama; and then with another line traced by that resistless quill, drove both to the verge of despair, and eventually to suicide in the agonies of asphyxy—Jules Janin, whose *critiques* on the transactions of the *Institut* have created for him so many admirers and such a host of enemies—Jules Janin, who receives eight hundred pounds from his publisher for the first edition of a new novel, and who spends his two thousand a year in the *salons dorés* of his magnificent hotel in Paris—Jules Janin has lately been occupied in a critical dissertation on the writings of his illustrious French contemporaries, for the pages of the *Athenæum*.

The series is now brought to a conclusion; and we fancy that neither the talented contributor, the spirited editor, nor the able translator, will have any reason to regret the part they have respectively taken in the task. A reprint and condensation of the work into one volume would doubtless meet with a favourable reception, especially as the English are more or less throwing off those ridiculous national prejudices which so long influenced their actions, their ideas, and their opinions, and no longer attempt to close their eyes against the beauties of foreign literature, or the excellence of transmarine institutions.

We believe that the well-known T. K. Hervey, the poet, was selected for the translation of these essays of M. Jules Janin; but, whether we be right or incorrect in our conjecture, we do not for one moment hesitate to declare that had not an able and competent translator been chosen, the articles themselves would have materially suffered in more than one point of view.

As a specimen of the abilities of M. Jules Janin and of Mr. T. K. Hervey, we shall select an extract from the concluding paper of the series, which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the 3rd March last. Speaking of Scribe, we find these true and interesting remarks:—

“The most important and indisputable element in the reputation of M. Scribe is simply the character and rapidity of his fortune. The god who presides, in our day, over all faiths, who has need neither of councils nor preachers, who triumphs without crusades and without faggots, the god worshipped everywhere, and by all—is gold. The author of the *Ambitieux* is rich; he has composed an armorial shield for himself, with two arrogant

barbarisms; he is a *grand seigneur*, after his fashion—has his courtiers and his flatterers, his disciples, and his secretaries. He undertakes dramatic dialogue on an immense scale, and has always in full activity some dozen of ideas preparing for the stage. He has workshops and manufactories, as they have in Birmingham—where the workmen carry on the business of invention by the hour—sort it, and card it, and twist it, and spin it. Words are the staple with which he works, as others work in brass or in wool. And thus it is that he has grown into a demi-god for the multitude. He is, in fact, an eminent manufacturer. I know not why he should not have a seat in the Ministry of Commerce—why M. Duchâtel should not resign his place to him. Sooner or later, he will attain to the high fortune of Sir Robert Peel, and be called upon to compose a cabinet.

“He is a man who has made his way in the world, without pausing to occupy himself with literary trifles. If, by any accident, M. Scribe has found in his head the materials of the *Cid* or the *Femmes Savantes*, he would by no means have committed the imprudence of producing them. Laboriously to render, in the language of poetry, an idea slowly conceived and ripened by meditation—to live for months—perhaps years—in close communion with a single thought or design—these are childish follies not committed by M. Scribe. With the *Cid* or the *Femmes Savantes* he would have made three operas, six ballets, and a whole host of ordinary vaudevilles. The genius of M. Scribe does not employ itself in casting in bronze or cutting in marble—his tact consists in giving to each one of all the ideas that come in his way, a monetary value. He is not very scrupulous in the choice of his subjects, but takes them right and left;—romance, novel, proverb, all are alike to him. He puts into his basket every scrap and rag which the passer along the street would tread under foot—trusts to the play of his own mill-stream—and out of all these shapeless fragments manufactures a stuff greatly in demand. He does not risk his fortune on improvident attempts; he has no wish to compete with the velvets of Genoa, or the silks of Lyons—the damasked stuffs of Germany, or the muslins of the Indies. He produces only a woollen fabric—but he sells it at a high price. He has found the means, too, of evading criticism—of setting it at defiance, holding it in contempt, bridling it, stopping its mouth, imposing silence upon it, breaking its hardest blows, parrying its most skilful manœuvres, nullifying its most ingenious arguments. Proud amid his own indefatigable toils, he scarcely knows, more than a job-weaver, that there are such things as artists in the world.

“M. Scribe can sleep in perfect tranquillity on the eve of a first representation of one of his pieces; and is visited by no disastrous visions. As he ventures on no ideas but such as are already well known and long proved, he runs no danger of defeat. He uses only such arms as have been often tried, and has no fear that they should burst in his hands. He is not the man to mount an unbroken horse—too wise for follies like that! And how tranquil, accordingly, are all things in the house, during these first performances! How curiosity slumbers! How completely is the audience at its ease, in the enjoyment of its ordinary emotions! How complaisantly does the laugh precede the well-known *bons mots* which have been popular for the last ten years. With what gratification does each spectator recognise the old quolibets which are to furnish forth the feast of the evening.”

We strongly recommend the perusal of M. Janin's series of articles to our readers.

Narrative of the Residences of the Persian Princes in London, in 1835 and 1836; with an Account of their Journey from Persia and Subsequent Adventures. By JAMES BAILLIE FRASER, Esq., Author of the “Kuzzilbash,” &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

We are particularly partial to works illustrative of oriental manners or cha-

racters; and, in perusing the two volumes under notice, we derived as much entertainment from the occupation as if we had been engaged in reading one of Morier's eastern romances. Mr. Fraser was personally acquainted with his heroes; and, in the capacity of *mehmandar* to their highnesses, he was doubtless favoured with numerous opportunities of studying their characters, observing their peculiarities, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with their dispositions. The work is too diffuse, and necessarily too anecdotal, to allow us to convey an idea of a continuous narrative to our readers; we must therefore content ourselves with observing, that the language is easy and pleasing, the descriptive part ably and graphically executed, and the whole amusing in the extreme. The following paragraph, in which the impression made upon the minds of the princes by a review of the guards in Hyde Park, observed from the summit of a house near the Grosvenor gate, is one of the most animated portions of the work:—

"There were, as I understood, nearly five thousand men of the guards and household troops on the field—such men, in point of figure, dress, and appointments, horses included, as probably Europe could not equal, certainly not surpass; and the rapid precision with which every movement and manœuvre was performed was admirably calculated to strike and astonish the Persians, who, though accustomed to military displays of a very different description, could yet appreciate the perfection which they witnessed here. 'What *sungers*!' (fortified stockades or bulwarks) said they, when the infantry formed their impregnable squares, and stood prepared to receive cavalry. 'One would say that each *sunger* was a solid mass—not a foot or an arm is out of place. See! it is a white line and a red line, with the steel glittering above. Ah, look! they kneel!—they fire—*barikillah! barikillah!* admirable!"

"As for Timour, he was quite unable to contain himself. He stood with flushed cheek, flashing eye, and out-stretched neck, like a bird on the wing, following every movement as if he would have precipitated himself down among the performers.

"'Ah! well done! well done!' exclaimed he, as the Horse Guards made a splendid charge; 'these fellows will do the business. But what do they stop for?' continued he, looking blank, as the whole drew up at the proper place, quite forgetting that it was not a charge in earnest. 'Ah! look at these horses,' said he again, as two or three horses, with empty saddles, ran across the plain in a very business-like style; 'their riders have got shot now (*gola khourdud!*)' But when the light cavalry took to skirmishing with the retreating artillery, and harassing them, *selon les recles*, without closing, he lost all patience. '*Ai namerdha!*—Ah, cowards!' exclaimed he; 'why don't you charge at once like men? Charge ye, and the guns are taken!' In a little while the whole body of flying artillery swept by at speed—a splendid sight.

"'What do you think of that?' said some of the bystanders. 'Ah, *Pide-rish be suzund!*' returned he, with a shake of the head; 'may their fathers be roasted! we know too much of these concerns, to our cost. These were the things that Lindsay (Sir Henry Bethune Lindsay) had when he met us near Komaishah; and when we thought we were carrying every thing before us, he stopped short all at once, and blew us to the devil.' The elder prince was more collected, and confined himself, for the most part, to moderate exclamations of praise; or, if questioned as to his opinion of the beauty of such an evolution, he would say, 'it was perfection—could not be better.' But when at length, after some heavy firing, both of artillery and infantry, with a beautifully sustained display of file-firing from the latter, the smoke blew away, disclosing one long and perfect line of troops, as steady as a rock, flanked by the terrible batteries that had just been thundering, he was quite surprised out of all his moderation; and, after a few most expressive ejaculations, he turned to me, and said, 'Wullah! Saheb Fraser, the horsemen of Iran are the best in the world, as you know well; but if there were a hun-

dred thousand of them here on the spot, they could not touch that line—that line! what could touch it?’ The review was over—the show at an end; yet still he stood gazing, till at length the movement of those around him woke him from a sort of trance, which, no doubt, had as much to do with the past as the present. He heaved a deep sigh, and said, as we passed on to descend, ‘What are a hundred balls or operas to this?’”

In taking leave of Mr. Fraser’s interesting volumes, we cannot do otherwise than wish him the success his talents and observation really merit.

The English Bijou Almanack for 1838. By L. E. L. and JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq. Schloss.

THIS is the third appearance of a little Almanack, which is indeed a *bijou* of elegance and taste. It is ornamented with miniatures of William the Fourth, Queen Victoria, Walter Scott, Miss Landon, Mozart and Grisi; and is accompanied by a Micromagnifying Glass which is almost an indispensable auxiliary to the *petit bijou* itself. Of the poetical illustrations we select the following as a specimen:—

“GIULIETTA GRISA.

“I heard her, and the air was filled
With one delicious song;
Such as, when leaves and flowers are hushed,
The night hours bear along,
When, singing to the south-west,
The nightingale broods o’er her nest.

“I saw her, and the large dark eyes
Were lit with heart and thought;
A thousand fairy fantasies
By that sweet face were brought.
Lady, art thou what thou dost seem,
Or art thou but a lovely dream?

“L. E. L.”

We sincerely congratulate the publisher on the elegance of his beautiful little annual offering, and venture to predict that it will enjoy an extensive patronage.

The Monthly Chronicle. A National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art. No. I. Longman and Co.

THIS is a new monthly periodical, to which Dr. Lardner, Mr. E. L. Bulwer, Sir David Brewster, and several other eminent literary characters, are the chief contributors. The number before us is a specimen of the future contents of the work; and, with the exception of a gross and unwarranted attack upon Lieutenant Morrison, the well-known author of the “Meteorological Almanack,” the articles are all of first-rate merit. It would, however, be advisable to extend the literary notices of new books, and in some measure curtail the scientific department. The politics are moderate and rational; and the paper entitled “Reign of Victoria I.” will be perused with intense interest. On the whole, the *Monthly Chronicle* is a valuable addition to the periodical literature of this country, and should be found on every news-room table and in every circulating library of any pretensions throughout the kingdom.

An Opening of the Mystery of the Tabernacle, &c. By JOHN VIZARD. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 76. W. Crofts.

THIS comment on the first eight verses of the twenty-sixth chapter of

Exodus, will be found an important guide to the student of Divinity. It illustrates the obscure meaning of several phrases in that portion of the Pentateuch, and gives the Hebrew definitions of proper names.

The Modern Process for the Preservation of all Alimentary Substances, &c. By H. W. BRAND, Author of the "Complete Modern Cook." 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 104. Simpkin and Marshall.

IN this valuable little work, we are put in possession of a variety of information touching the preservation of all kinds of food, by which process they retain all their native purity and essential qualities, in any climate, and for several years. The plan appears to be perfectly feasible; and its simplicity will doubtless cause it to be very generally adopted. We strongly recommend the perusal of the work to all domestic economists and families where the dainties of the table are not disregarded.

Reminiscences from the Early Life of a Lutheran Clergyman. Translated from the German of Frederick Strauss, D.D. By SAMUEL JACKSON. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 352. Smith and Elder.

THESE orthodox and evangelical reminiscences have emanated from the pen of the chaplain to the King of Prussia, and are not the productions of the celebrated infidel of the same name. The work abounds in touching description, and purely Christian reflection, and cannot do otherwise than instruct the pious reader. The papers entitled "The Marriage Jubilee," and "The Death-bed," are decidedly the best of the series. It will be seen that the crowded state of the space usually devoted to literary notices, totally precludes the possibility of extract. We, however, pronounce the "Reminiscences" to be an useful and highly moral work. The translation was evidently done by a scholar.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Prospects of the Adamite Race. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 231. Whittaker and Co.

IN this essay, the author has considered his subject as it is connected with the scheme of Christianity; and the moral lessons he inculcates are some of the most truly religious and beneficial we have yet met with in the works of modern theologians. No one can rise from a perusal of the volume without feeling that a pleasing train of holy reflections has been awakened by its contents.

Substance of a Lecture on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power. By JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq. 8vo. pp. 19. Fraser.

THE erudite pamphlet before us contains the substance of a Lecture delivered at the Milton Institution, Cripplegate, on the 2nd October, 1837, the oration itself having been taken down by some intelligent gentlemen present on the occasion, and subsequently printed at their expense. The object of the Lecture is to prove, that, if genius be essentially honest, of all its various forms the poetical is the most honest; that genius is nothing less than the development of that moral law which is the life of the human being; and that genius then most truly is, when in harmony with truth as true being—truth, not as a thing, but a person, as the truth, the way, and the life. In the course of the lecture, Mr. Heraud makes some admirable remarks upon the poetry of Wordsworth, Collins, Byron, Campbell, and Rogers; and he concludes his excellent oration with an "Ode on the Creation," which, for beauty of religious sentiment and loftiness of idea, is inferior to none of the most approved effusions of Wordsworth himself. A correct opinion of the

nature of Mr. Heraud's lecture may be formed after a perusal of the following extract relative to Lord Byron:—

"An unwilling believer in a Supreme Power, and reluctantly yielding to the Universal Genius as recognisable in the Divine Logos, he is, nevertheless, not the possessor of, but the possessed by his own individual and private Genius. It was his tyrant, he its slave. Never at one with his conscience—never on a level with her—but under her; to him she seemed to sleep—but she had mighty dreams—has ever—and at some crisis makes herself known to man in whispers more terrible than peals of the sternest thunder. No man can say that Byron was the most criminal of men, or his verses the most sinful of poetic compositions; but I declare that from failing to satisfy the demands of his conscience in his personal character, he was mastered by his conscience, which, as a tyrant, is the genius of his productions. * * * Byron was a conduit-pipe, as it were, of inspiration. Woe to him who is possessed by, and possesses not, his genius. * * * 'When I am very fine,' he said to Captain Medwin, 'I don't pretend to understand myself.' Thus was he simply the medium of an afflatus which, when once uttered, might have been nonsense for aught he knew."

We strenuously recommend the perusal of this very clever pamphlet to all our friends, and particularly to the juvenile portion of our readers.

A History of British Birds. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F. L. S., &c.
In Four Parts. With Numerous Illustrations. Van Voorst.

THE spirited publisher of "British Fishes" and "British Quadrupeds" has just issued the last *livraison* of Mr. Yarrell's admirable "History of British Birds." Like its precursors, it is illustrated with a variety of engravings that form not the least valuable portion of the work. There is not a naturalist's library throughout the United Kingdom, in which this essentially interesting and instructive publication will not be found; and in strongly recommending it to all our readers, who feel the least germ of curiosity relative to the productions of their native land, we merely fulfil the duty of an impartial reviewer.

A History of British Reptiles. By THOMAS BELL, F. R. S., &c.
Part I. With Numerous Illustrations. Van Voorst.

THIS work, which, when complete, will form an indispensable *pendant* to the publication noticed above, is calculated to dispel many erroneous opinions relative to the malignity and venom of the reptiles which we find in Britain; and under the auspices of the talented Professor of Zoology in King's College, London, it cannot fail to merit universal attention, and be valued as one of the standard volumes of this country. The part before us includes notices on the hawk's bill turtle, the lizard, the blind worm, and the common snake. The illustrations are executed in a most masterly manner.

Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge. No. V. Tilt.
The Churches of London. No. XV. Tilt.

Two admirable engravings—the first of the Second Court of Trinity College; and the second of the Statue of Sir Isaac Newton—illustrate the current number of the "Memorials of Cambridge." The series, when complete, will form an elegant and useful volume.

The exterior of St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate, and the interior of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, embellished the fifteenth *livraison* of the "Churches of London." These views are exquisitely achieved by Messieurs Billings and Lemon, and afford a striking proof of the perfection to which the English have brought the art of steel-engraving.

Convent Tales. By a PROTESTANT LADY. 1 vol. foolscap 8vo. F. C. Westley, Piccadilly.

THIS is a well-intentioned work, which may serve as a contrast to the exaggerated and false descriptions of convents lately become popular among credulous and enthusiastic enemies of the Catholics. The tales here told in a plain and unpretending style, bear evidence in themselves of being founded in reality; and if it may be said they betray, that the liberal and sensible author of them must have known the world as it was some considerable time ago, we can assure our readers that this single volume is infinitely more deserving attention than are a vast majority of the three-volumed novels of the present day. The tales are seven in number, and are entitled—"The Secrets," "The Nun," "The Abbey of Santa Clara," "L'Amien Regime," "Leicester Abbey," "Madame de Mentalbert," and the "Story of Adelaide." There is an engraved frontispiece to the volume, which is well printed, and neatly got up in cloth boards.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON NEW WORKS.

A VARIETY of works lies before us, to each of which we cannot afford space for a specific review, and several are too important to be passed over in silence. It is therefore now—and henceforth will be—our intention to notice the minor publications that are sent to us in one article under the above head.

The three *Inaugural Lectures*, delivered in the Theatre of the City of London School, by Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music, merit an attentive perusal; especially as throughout the disquisition, the orator's aim was evidently directed to popularity rather than exclusiveness. Hence will they be found useful for the general advantage of the citizens of London, as well as beneficial to an isolated class of musical students.—*A Letter to Professor Buckland concerning the Origin of the World*, by William Cockburn, D. D., Dean of York, is a series of interrogatives and observations relative to one of the most unsatisfactory of subjects. It however abounds in learned remarks, and ought to call forth a reply from the talented author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises.—*Hood's Own*, Part II., is as full of fun and laughter as every publication that has been offered to the world by the talented editor of the *Comic Annual*, and will doubtless have a most extensive sale. "The Parish Revolution" is the best paper here re-produced, and doubtless gave Boz the idea of his article entitled the Mudfog Association, which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* a short time ago. In making this observation, we must of necessity inform our readers that a few of the papers in *Hood's Own* are reprints, being "former runnings of his comic vein."—*Critica Novae-landica Futura* is too erudite for general readers. It is, however, an ingenious and humorous idea.

The *New Eton Grammar*, by Clement Moody, one of the Junior Masters of Tunbridge School, will be found a valuable acquisition to every student's library. The Rules are here rendered into English; and thus the pupil's mind is divested of those shackles which frequently embarrass and impede his understanding in the acquirement of the rudiments of the Latin language. We hope this work will receive the support it merits.—Mr. Loudon's three admirable publications—*Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum*, Nos. LV. and LVI., the *Architectural Magazine*, and the *Suburban Gardener*—are conducted with great talent, and will each form a most instructive encyclopædia in its respective branch.

Sibson's Racy Sketches of Expeditions, from the Pickwick Club, are some of the most facetious illustrations of the "Pickwick Papers" we have yet seen.

FINE ARTS.

MR. S. J. E. JONES'S NEW PICTURE.

WE do not know when we have been more gratified than by a recent visit to the *sanctum* of Mr. S. J. E. Jones, to view his large sporting picture of "Dick and Black Dick, or not to be Caught with Chaff!" and certainly the subject is most admirably treated as regards both the landscape and the figures. We understand that the two *Richards* are both portraits. *Richard the First* is personified by a splendid thoroughbred horse, whom *Richard the Second*, in the capacity of a Negro Groom, is vainly endeavouring to lure with a sieve of chaff. The Artist has most happily depicted, by the spirited action of the animal and the contemptuous expression of his eyes, as he trots away, that the deceit has been discovered; and we scarcely know whether to admire more the life-like expression of the horse, or the vexation of the disappointed groom, from whose thick lips we can almost imagine we hear the half-suppressed anathema proceed.

The Artist has long been well known to the public as the painter of the celebrated "Citation of Wycliffe," "The Last Struggle," &c. &c.; and we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion, that the present effort of his versatile pencil will rank him with the first class of animal painters in this country. The panoramic landscape (for it is on a most extensive scale) is, we understand, for the Galloway Mountains, and includes many interesting points described in the Waverley Novels, especially in "Old Mortality," and "Guy Mannering." The picture, we are happy to learn, is about to be engraved.

 MONTHLY SUMMARY OF SCIENCE AND THE SOCIETIES.

THE School of Design established by government in pursuance of the recommendation of the committee "On Arts and Manufactures," has recently exhibited a portion of the drawings and designs made by the pupils. The influence which such an institution is calculated to exercise upon our manufactures is great; and any expense which it may occasion will be amply repaid by the improved taste of the producer, and its necessary effect upon the production. The French, however inferior they may be in the manufacture of some articles, have yet carried the markets of the world for those products in which tasteful design is desirable; and this arose from a correct taste being generated in those who were to produce the fabrics. The instruction given in this school will tend to put us upon a more equal footing with our French brethren; increased beauty and elegance in articles of domestic use will elevate and refine the taste of the people at large, which elevation will again re-act as a stimulus for the production of still more highly improved forms and patterns, and thus the foundation is laid for an increase of national gain combined with an extension of private comfort and elegance. Several prizes, of ten and five guineas each, have been offered by different gentlemen interested in the success of the experiment, for the best designs for ribbons, silks, necklaces, carpets, tea-services, friezes, room-papers, and chandeliers; the competition will doubtless produce some designs worthy of the school.

GEOGRAPHY is constantly receiving fresh materials relative to those countries least known. A scientific expedition is about to be sent to explore Spitzbergen and the Scandinavian peninsula, under the direction of M. Gaimard, the celebrated naturalist, and conductor of the late expedition to Iceland.

Louis Philippe, having himself some acquaintance with the regions to be explored, is said to take much interest in the success of the undertaking, and to have pointed out those spots in Norway, Lapland, and Finland, which, from his acquaintance with them, he regards as most likely to reward scientific research. The French king travelled in these countries at the end of the last century. A portion of the expedition is to winter near the North Cape; while the ship destined to Spitzbergen is to attempt the passage northwards to the North Pole. Von Kattle, the German who, in July, 1836, went from Arabia into Abyssinia, is now in Cairo, writing an account of his travels. When that task is complete, he intends to start for the central regions of Africa, making the attempt from the east through the dominions of Mehemet Ali, passing Darfur, Beghirme, Bornu, to Timbuctoo.

The ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY have selected two of their members to proceed with the reduction of the astronomical and pendulum observations made by the late Lieut. Murphy during the voyage under Col. Chesney down the Euphrates.

The GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY received a paper by Professor Baer, of St. Petersburg, "On the Frozen Soil of Siberia." It has long since been ascertained that over a great extent of country, the soil of Siberia is never entirely free from ice. During the summer the surface of the ground is, to a greater or less depth, thawed; but at some distance from the surface, a bottom of perpetual ice is met with. Near Yakuzk the soil was found to be frozen at the depth of ninety-one feet, and the people were compelled to give up the design of sinking a well. These facts were long doubted, although the observations of Humboldt and Erman corroborated them; but recent experiments show the exact depth of the frozen surface. A merchant having attempted to sink a well at Yakuzk was about to give up the task in despair, when Admiral Wrangel persuaded him to continue his operations until he had perforated the ice. He did so, and the well was sunk 382 feet, when the soil became loose, and the temperature of the earth 31° of Farenheit. This immense thickness of frozen ground would prove that Siberia must have been for a long period in the same physical condition as at present. The frozen tract is of large extent; Humboldt found the soil frozen at a depth of six feet near the Ural, in 60° north latitude. In 1821 a body which had been buried ninety-two years was disinterred from the frozen soil, and did not show the slightest trace of decomposition. Professor Baer expressed a hope that observations would be made, showing the extent of the layer of the ground ice in North America, the thickness which it attains, and how much of it disappears in the summer heat. In a discussion which ensued on the subject, Captain Back said, that in many years' experience in cold regions he had never known the ground thawed more than three or four feet below the surface.

Lieut. Col. Shiel communicated an account of his journey through Kurdistan. He described the scenery of Ván, through which he passed, as the most beautiful he had seen in Asia. It was probably a town of strength and importance in remote antiquity; at present it is small and enclosed by a wall of mud and stone, protected by a ditch. The population is about 12,000; the manufactures, coarse cotton chintzes; the small trade of the town, as is usual throughout the Turkish dominions, in the hands of Armenians.

At the LINNÆAN SOCIETY a paper was recently read, proposing a new classification of Amphibia. Without going into a discussion of the merits of the plan, which proposes an arrangement formed on the organs of respiration, we cannot forbear expressing an opinion upon the endless and aimless changes which naturalists of every calibre are constantly attempting to make in scientific classification. The consequence of these alterations is apparent in the confusion and mistakes to which they give rise, and surely it is far more creditable to a man of science to employ himself in the prosecution of new discoveries than in attempting to earn a small notoriety by re-christening things already known.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY have caused a regular series of meteorological observations to be made at these gardens during the past year, by which it appears that the mean temperature of 1837 was rather more than two degrees colder than usual, compared with the mean temperatures of ten preceding years; the amount of rain was 19.88 inches, being about four inches below the average quantity.

At the ASIATIC SOCIETY, Professor Royle read a paper on certain astringent substances abundant in India, and worthy the attention of persons in England; particularly *Butea frondosa*, the flowers of which produce a dye, while its stem exudes a gum, powerfully astringent, and highly useful in the arts and in medicine. This Society has received as a donation some volumes on Servian Literature, mostly written by D. Obradovitch. This individual, the creator of the literature of his country, travelled in England; his productions are chiefly ethical and grammatical, and produced a great effect on the Servian people; who, although but a million in number, struggled hard for liberty against the power of Turkey for four years, and in the end found themselves free. Besides the population of Servia, six or seven millions of people, subject to Austria and Turkey, speak the same language and use the same books. They have a weekly newspaper, and have translated the Code Napoleon into their language; modifying it, to suit their peculiar customs. It is somewhat remarkable that the Servians are the only people of Sclavonic race that inhabit a mountainous country, and that, unlike all others of that race, they have never had serfdom.

A highly curious MS. was exhibited at the Asiatic Society, which came into the possession of the governor of Fort Marlbro', Sumatra, in the following manner. An Indian was picked up, in an exhausted state, at sea, and brought to Bencoolen, where he was taken care of, and ultimately set at liberty. About a year afterwards this MS., written on the bark of a tree, was sent to the governor by some Indians resident on the coast, who intimated that it was a present from their chief as a token of gratitude for not having been destroyed. The writing is in the language of the Battas, a curious race, said to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of Sumatra. Their literature is copious, and although they have been accused of cannibalism, they appear to be peaceable, intelligent, and industrious, and to merit more attention from Europeans than they have received.

Some notices on early STEAM NAVIGATION were read by Professor Rigaud to the Ashmolean Society, Oxford. The attempt of Hulls in 1736 to promote steam navigation is generally mentioned as the first attempt of the kind; but there is in the Register of the Royal Society a paper in which Papin proposed, in Feb. 1709, to apply the Casselian engine to this purpose. Sir Isaac Newton reported on this paper. It is remarkable that mention was also made of projecting balls by steam. Two unpublished letters of the Marquis of Worcester respecting his steam-engine, were also read, and reference made to the steam-vessel said to have been constructed, in 1543, at Barcelona.

Talleyrand has recently delivered, at the *Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques*, a discourse in honour to the memory of M. Reinhart.

ELECTRIC INDUCTION has been made the subject of a series of experiments before the Royal Society, by Dr. Faraday, the minute results of which are in course of publication in the forthcoming Philosophical Transactions. He stated, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution on the same subject, his opinion that no science had made so rapid a progress as electricity, although none had been so much retarded by the assumption of vague hypotheses, which have been unhesitatingly received by the world at large. It has been stated, and hitherto believed, that the action of electricity is in right lines; with a force inversely as the square of the distance; and that intermediate substances, as air, or glass, act as impediments to its transmission. Dr. Faraday's experiments controvert this opinion, showing that electric induction is not produced by a force acting in right lines only, but equally in curved or

angular ones; and that it is not transmitted through empty space, but can alone be communicated from one body to another by polarization of contiguous molecules.

An electric telegraph has, according to the French papers, been tried on an extensive scale in Germany, with the most complete success.

The CHEMICAL changes in certain compound bodies formed the subject of a lecture by Mr. Everitt, at the Medico-Botanical Society. The instances cited were the conversion of starch into sugar, by its being boiled for a few hours with water, slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, which acid, after it has effected the modification, is found in a perfectly uncombined and unaltered state, and can be removed by chalk, the sugar then being left alone in solution. A similar action is effected by the same agent on the fibres of wood, or lignin; thus, if linen be cut into very small pieces, and oil of vitriol dropped on, little by little, carefully stirring the whole to keep the temperature from rising, the mass, on being rubbed in a mortar, loses its fibrous character, becomes homogeneous, and soluble in water; from which, if we remove the acid by chalk and evaporate to dryness, we obtain a substance exactly similar to gum arabic.

In GEOLOGY little has been communicated during the month. M. Sefstroem has observed, that the north-eastern part of the mountains of Sweden is every where worn and rounded from the base to the summit; resembling, in their outline, sacks of wool piled one on the other. The south-western side presents a fractured surface, wearing a fresh appearance, and the angles of which are scarcely, if at all, blunted. Between these two opposite sides, the surface of the mountain is worn and furrowed by grooves of various depth and width. The cause of this phenomenon appears to have been an immense current of water, filled with rocky remains, which has thus passed over this portion of the Scandinavian soil, worn and furrowed those mountains which resisted it, broken others, and produced the immense quantity of rolled pebbles with which Sweden is inundated, and which have even been carried over to Germany, where the Scandinavian granite may be recognised in the pebbles.

Curiosity has been considerably excited by two methods of warming houses in an improved and economical manner. One has been proposed in a clear well-written pamphlet by Dr. Arnott, in which he displays its advantages in a manner calculated to induce the introduction of his apparatus into every workshop and public building in the country. The other method of generating heat has been clothed in all the mystery in which empiricism so much delights; and though secrecy may, in some circumstances, be necessary, it has yet a boundary, passing which, its efficacy for any honest purpose, is very questionable.

F. K. H.

OBITUARY.

DIED, on Tuesday, February 27, at his seat Wellingore, in the county of Lincoln, in his 65th year, after two days' severe illness, Christopher Henry Noel, Esq.; leaving a widow and an only daughter. The proper family name is Nevile, which he exchanged for Noel on the demise of the last Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, whose sister was mother of Mr. Noel of Wellingore, now deceased. Mr. Noel was Lieut. Colonel of the Rutland Fencibles, which were sworn in about forty years ago, under their Colonel, Sir Gerard Noel of Exton Park. The ancient residence of the Neviles was Anbourn House, which is now occupied by Mr. Lamb. The Neviles are well known to be descended from the line of one of the most powerful houses amongst the ancient chivalry of England.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE Edinburgh Catholic Magazine, for April, will contain the first of a Series of Lectures on "Ecclesiastical Architecture," to be continued monthly, delivered in St. Mary's College, Oscott, by A. Welby Pergin, Esq. author of the "Contrasts," &c. Also, a very interesting account by the late M. Auvergne, Archbishop of Iconium, of the Holy Land, with a minute description of the sacred places in and about Jerusalem.

"Men and Things in America; or, A Year's Residence in the United States;" in which are treated the subjects of Emigrants' prospects, state of coloured population, Democratical Politics, Trades' Unions, &c., with some notices of Canadian Affairs. By A. THOMASON.

In the Press.

THE Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, in one volume, uniform with the "Curiosities of Literature," with a Life, by Thomas Campbell.

Also, as a Companion to the above,

The Dramatic Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, with a Life, by THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE REV. L. VERNON HARCOURT (son of the Archbishop of York) has in the press a work on the "Doctrine of the Deluge." His object is to vindicate the Scriptural History of the Deluge from the doubts which have been recently thrown upon it by geological speculations. This the author has endeavoured to accomplish by showing, upon the testimony of a long list of ancient and modern authors, that since the era of that catastrophe a set of religionists never ceased to exist, whose opinions and usages were founded upon a veneration of the Ark as the preserver of their race. In 2 vols. 8vo.

MR. WESTWOOD'S "Popular Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," which has been so long announced for publication, is at length in the press, and will be published in Monthly Parts; the first will appear on the 1st of June. The author has for eight years been employed upon it, collecting materials from the Continental as well as British Museums. It will be illustrated with many thousand figures engraved on wood. The author has paid very minute attention to the Natural History of the Transformations of Insects, and confidently hopes that there will be found much new and interesting matter in his work. It is intended to form a sequel to the popular work of Messrs. Kirby and Spence. 1 vol. 8vo.

LIBER MERCATORIUS; or, the Merchant's Manual: being a concise and practical Treatise on Bills of Exchange, more particularly as relating to the customs of Merchants; together with the French code of Bills of Exchange. To which is added, "The Interpreter," or the usual dates, sights, and usances of Foreign Bills of Exchange, in eight Languages. By FRANCIS HOBLER. 1 vol. foolscap 8vo.

ESSAYS in Natural History. By CHARLES WATERTON, Esq. With a View of Walton Hall, and an Autobiography of the Author. 1 vol. fcap. 8vo.

In the Press, and almost ready for Publication, "The Bromsgrove Greek Grammar," to correspond with "The Bromsgrove Latin Grammar." This Grammar is to contain the valuable matter of both Butman's and Matthiæ's Grammars, together with much original information; condensed and arranged in a clear and natural system; and will be adapted for students at the Universities as well as for beginners.



Alfred Brown

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